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Poetry.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY JOHN HAY.

A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory,
Heard this shrill wail ring out from purgatory,
"Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story."

"I loved, and blind with passionate love I fell,
Love brought me down to death, and death to hell,
For God is just, and death for sin is well."

"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that Grace shall be,
But for my love on earth who mourns for me."

"Grant Spirit, let me see my love again,
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain,
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then, said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent,
That wild vow. Look! the dial finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment."

But still she wailed: I pray thee let me go,
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so!
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar.
And upward joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back with broken heart wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee,
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept. Now let my punishment begin,
I have been found and foolish, let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin.

The angel answered, "Nay, each soul go higher,
To be deceived in thy true heart's desire,
Were bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

Selected Story.

My Wife's Presentiment.

Three Days in a Coffin.

I had completed my preparations for one of my periodical trips to the West, and was standing, valise inhand in the porch of my house, waiting for the conveyance that was to take me to the ferry.

"What is it my dear? You seem to have the blues this morning. I shall be back in a week, you know."

I noticed that my wife, after bidding me "good bye" more than once, seemed still unwilling to have me go, and was inclined to adopt any little device to detain me a few moments longer. Turning rather unexpectedly, I observed her brushing a tear from her eyes. Her conduct was unusual, for she had been accustomed to my absence on tours much longer than the present was intended to be.

"Oh, nothing at all, I suppose," she said endeavoring to smile. "I know you must think it foolish, but I do dread this present journey of yours, and for no good reason that I can think of. I think I must be a little nervous, that's all. I don't believe in presentiments. Do you?"

I endeavored to reassure her, but was only partially successful. I had no time to ask the nature of the troublesome presentiment before the vehicle arrived, which I forthwith entered. As it turned a corner I saw my wife still gazing intently after it.

I crossed a ferry at Chambers street, and took a seat on the Erie train, which, emerging from the darkness of the Bergen tunnel, was soon shooting across the Hackensack meadows and through the hills beyond. The morning was foggy and disagreeable. I myself felt gloomy and depressed, because my wife, usually so cheerful, had seemed low-spirited. It was remarkable that she should speak of presentiments, for she had always been accustomed to ridicule such notions. The car which I had entered was filled with passengers.

A stranger occupied a seat by my side who had such remarkably red hair as to attract my notice. He was reading one of the New York dailies. After a ride of an hour or two in silence, he offered me the paper and made a remark with reference to the state of the weather. I was so irritable that I answered curtly, and I fear rudely. Seated by the open window, with my ears filled with the never ceasing clatter of the engine, I mechanically fixed my eyes upon a painting on one end of the panels at the front end of the car. Suddenly there was a jar, a grating, crashing sound; the panel on which my gaze had been directed was gone, and in its place hung timbers of a shattered car came driving through and in the midst of the human forms in front of me. Seats, heads, cushions, glass, legs and arms seemed collected in an avalanche and descending upon the particular seat which I and my red-haired friend had selected.

When consciousness returned I found myself lying on my back on a hard, uncarpeted floor. I endeavored to move, but not a muscle could be brought to action. Gulliver, when he awoke in the morning on the island of Lilliput, bound hand and foot, was not more thoroughly helpless than I. My vision was so indistinct that I could only discern the glimmer of light; gradually, however, objects began to assume shape before my eyes. My hearing, disturbed at first by a clatter of a thousand engines rushing round me from track spiked to the inside of my cranium, was restored by degrees to its normal condition, and at last became painfully acute.

Limited as was my range of vision, it comprehended a portion of the walls of a room hung with time-tables, and lined with the inevitable row of seats, which told me that I was in the waiting room of one of the Erie railroad stations. On the platform without I heard the hasty tread of feet, and often excited voices, and could occasionally garner such words as "collision," "misplaced switch," "killed and wounded," and the like. By a sideleaning glance I perceived on the floor ghastly objects, which I soon concluded were dead bodies, horribly mutilated.—Lying near me was a body, which a second glance convinced me was that of the red haired compagnon who had seated the seat in the car with me. His face was bloodless but not disfigured, and he was evidently dead.

I was now satisfied that I was in the room where the bodies of those who had been killed by the railroad accident, and that I had been brought there while insensible under the supposition that I was dead. My first impulse was to call to those without and make known the fact that I was alive, but my tongue refused to move.

I had now an abundance of time for meditation, and I think two or three hours passed while I was so occupied. I arrived at the conclusion that I had met with such a concussion of the brain that I was of the class paralyzed; that my condition now, whether from the shock or some cause, was at least similar to that of which I had often read, called "catalepsy;" and that I might expect after a reasonable time to recover from it.

In this rather gloomy situation I awaited events. Occasionally some of the curious ones on the platform without would stretch their necks to gaze over the curtain which had been drawn across the window and get a view of the dead bodies in the waiting room. Besides this, nothing of interest occurred until after a long time, when I heard the distant whistle of an approaching engine, the rumble of wheels, and the usual clatter and confusion as a train rushed into the depot and came to a stop without.

My suspense was brought to an end by the rattling of a key in the door and the entrance of three individuals, who, I soon learned, were a coroner and two physicians from Jersey City. The coroner, whose features were of a Hibernian cast, wore a suit of black broadcloth, which did not seem entirely at home upon his broad shoulders, one of which was stiffly elevated, as if it missed the weight of an accustomed hod. The older of the two physicians had sandy hair, and such a florid complexion as would suggest a too frequent tasting of some of the more concentrated alcoholic tinctures. The younger physician, who seemed an assistant of the older, carried in his hand a small mahogany box.

"Well, coroner, which are they?" said the older physician.

"Thim two," said the coroner, punching the toe of his boot into my ribs, and pointing at the same time to my auburn-haired friend. "Neither of 'em has got a scratch upon him, and p'raps they's died of heart disease, or somethin' sudden that kim upon 'em in the cars before the c'lision. If they did, the company's not responsible, for *their* indings, at any rate. You kin pos'-mortem thim, sure."

"Come, Grunt, let's get to work; we've no time to lose. Coroner, send in the table."

The coroner disappeared, and in a few moments two attendants entered, bringing a pine table six feet long by three in width. On the table were pails, sponges and a saw.

"This journey has not amounted to much, has it, doc?" said the younger surgeon—"not even an amputation among all the wounded, nor a case for the hospital. It don't pay to come so far for such game?"

"Not if there was much to do in the city, but business is so dull just now that I have plenty of time. How's practise with you?"

"Miserable—nothing doing. If the weather keeps as cool as this, there won't be a case of cholera morbus nor any sickness among children this summer. Still, we may have some typhoid early in the fall. Well, which one shall we take first?"

"Try the red head; he's the nearest. Catch hold of the feet—I'll take the shoulders."

Saying this, they approached the body of my late companion; one seized it by the head, the other by the feet, and with a swinging motion they landed it upon the table just brought in. The body gave a heavy thud and the head a clear, resonant thump as they came to their resting-place upon the deal table.

"Well, Grunt, you have the knives; pitch in," said the older Abernethy.

The younger surgeon opened the mahogany case, selected two or three knives of different sizes, felt the edge of one with his thumb, and approached the head of the corpse before him. Separating the hair, he made an incision through the skin from one ear over the top of the head to the other. Having separated the scalp from the skull he turned one portion inside out over the nose and face, the other over the back of the head and neck. The round, glistening hemisphere of the cranium was now exposed, like an immense ostrich egg protruding from its nest. He next took the saw and commenced the circuit of the skull, sawing through the bone as he progressed.

"Look out for your fingers, Grunt! That saw slips sometimes," said the sympathizing physician of the florid complexion.

While this horrid scene was being enacted before my eyes, which I could neither close or avert, I fully understood the danger I was in. It was certain, from the words of the coroner, that I was also to become a subject of dissection. I made a desperate effort to move or scream, but the spell could not be broken. My only hope was that the first incision of the knife when I came upon the operating table might arouse me from my wretched trance; but I almost feared that even then I might not escape further mutilation, so horrible did the scientific coolness of the surgeons appear to me.

The saw finished its work without injury to the fingers of the surgeon; a chisel was introduced between the divided edges, and a few blows of a hammer separated the upper portion of the skull cap from the lower. The whitish, shining semi-circumference of the brain now presented itself, studded with dark blood vessels, and coiled in convolutions, which from some singular fancy I could not resist mentally comparing with the larger folds that constitute the beauty and grace of chignons so fashionable upon the heads of belles at the present day. Like the birds charmed by the eyes of a snake, I became fascinated by the scene as the different steps of the operation were in progress, and I even found myself calculating at what precise point my life must of necessity become a sacrifice when my turn should come.

The surgeon, with a little aid from the knife, rolled the brain from its bed dexterously into the palm of his hand, held it up to view for a moment, and then deposited it with a pat upon the table. With a large knife he smoothly sliced it in pieces, much as a corner grocer would cut his cheese, and examined the surface exposed, apparently with much interest.

"Vessels in a high state of vermicular congestion," said the older physician. "Ossification ventricles, Grunt. Yes, filled with bloody serum. Concussion of the brain; died on the spot. 'Twon't be necessary to accord number with him. Come, close up and take the other one."

Saying this, he whistled, put both hands in his pantaloons pockets, turned toward me, and seemed to undertake a survey of my proportions. Putting the two of his boot under one of my arms, he rolled it a little distance and left it. "Not much exhaustion or rigidity there yet," he remarked. "How fresh he looks!"

"Appears as if he died a deep consumptive," said Grunt, as he glanced in my face for his work.

My time seemed now near at hand. Grunt was busily, mechanically manufacturing brain, re-adjusting the scroll and stitching together the divided edges of the scalp. While I felt indignant at the cool impudence of the doctor, whose eyes were fixed upon me as if he were in a deep study, I still felt the necessity of nerving myself for the new trial that was now upon me.

While endeavoring to prepare myself for the issue, the key again clicked in the lock, the door opened and the coroner entered, followed by twelve men who seemed to be farmers from the vicinity. The look of sympathy which was expressed on the honest countenances of most of them as they gazed upon the dead before them, was peculiarly grateful to me after the exhibition of professional indifference I had just been witnessing. Some hardly entered within the door, but gave a hasty glance, and turned away.

"Well, jintlemen, her yez viewed the bodies?" said the coroner. Most of them nodded assent and withdrew. "The train leaves in ten minutes, jintlemen," said the coroner, turning to the physicians. "Hev ye finished?"

"We'll have to leave one of them, if that's the case," said the older physician. He no doubt died from the same cause as the other; they were found together."

I had received my respite. I was not to be mangled as I had just seen my companion. The reaction of my feelings was so great that I wonder it did not rouse me from my trance.

The doctors hurriedly finished their work, left the body upon the table and took their departure from the room.

In a few minutes four men entered, bringing a door which had been removed from its hinges. Upon it they tenderly placed the dead bodies, one after the other, and bore them out. My turn came at last. As I was carried along the platform I had an opportunity to learn something of what had happened. An overturned engine and two or three cars, more or less shattered, by the side of the track told the tale of a railroad accident. As I glanced upward the clouds above seemed perfectly glorious with the last rays of the setting sun. Men, women and children gazed, some with curiosity, but most with compassion, upon my apparently lifeless form as it passed by to the baggage-car.

The door of the car closed, and again I was alone, surrounded by dead bodies. The whistle sounded, and the train was soon speeding on its way over the track I had traveled in the morning. Approaching twilight gradually rendered indistinct the objects around me until complete darkness shut from view my hideous surroundings, except when they were rendered visible for a moment by a flash of light from some station as we hurried past. Thoroughly exhausted by the intense mental excitement of which I had been the subject, I tried to compose myself and gain nerve for any new emergency.

I think I must have become insensible from sleep, for I remember nothing more that occurred until I became conscious of seeing before my eyes the familiar walls of the cozy back parlor of my own house. The bright light of day was streaming in at the window, the canary was chirping in his cage, and the room was as cheerful as ever. How I had reached my home, or how long I had been conscious, I could not determine. Still I could not move a muscle. I heard near me conversation in low tones, and soft footsteps. My wife and the undertaker were in the room. I could not see them, for my face was turned directly upward. I gathered from the few words of the undertaker that he was explaining to my wife the necessity for putting my body on ice.

"I wish it could be avoided if possible; I cannot believe that he is dead."

The voice was that of my wife, but sad and tremulous. A moment after I saw her face bending over mine as I was lying upon the sofa. The look of hopeless wretchedness and sorrowful tenderness depicted on her face I can never forget. I could not but feel a selfish satisfaction in the unmistakable evidence of her intense affection. I longed to comfort her, but my eyes, which were blankly staring upward, would not change their expression nor turn to follow hers. "I am sorry to say there can be no doubt that your husband is dead," said the undertaker with his professional whine. "They often have that lively color. I remember once when I had charge of the funeral of—"

"Never mind, Mr. Sniff. Do what you think proper without consulting me," said my wife, struggling to suppress her emotion, and turning to leave the room.

"Come Tom; now let's get him in the ice as soon as possible. It's high time the weather was so warm, said Sniff in his natural tone to his assistant.

He approached me, took my nose between his thumb and finger, lifted my head a little and deposited it with a slight thump in an exact perpendicular. He then closed my eyelids, and retained them in position by something metallic placed as a weight on each, so that the little I had been able to see was shut from view, and I was left in utter darkness.

With no very gentle hands I was transferred from the temperate zone of my own parlor to the Arctic regions of the ice-coffin. Pounded ice was under me, chunks of ice were over me. A reminiscence of my early boyhood, when, hasted by the exercise of skating, I plunged directly into an open hole in the ice-pond, was first brought vividly to my mind. I next felt that I was resigning in my own person what Shakespeare has so strikingly depicted in his painting of the frozen regions of hell, where the miserable victims are twisting their stiffened limbs in endless contortions among the floating boulders of ice, always congealing but never congealed. Soon a numbness, commencing in my fingers and toes, crept gradually up my arms and legs, until they appeared to be gone entirely, and I was only a trunk. Presently my body became insensible, and at last I felt there was nothing of me but my head. I recognized my existence solely, but it was not in my body—only in that little sphere the head, which seemed to occupy the entire coffin.

I was now truly satisfied that I was rapidly approaching death. I believed that my body was already frozen, and that my spirit would soon leave behind, which seemed to be its last retreating place before taking its flight. I gave up all hope, and was race very prepared to resign myself to the change which would come when the slender thread which held me to life should be broken.

Waste as willing, by some process which I can neither explain nor understand, I suddenly saw clearly all that was in the room in which my body was lying. More than this, I saw, apparently just below me, as if I were floating in the air above it, the ice box in which my body was lying, and in it my own body. There it lay covered with ice, my pale face looking directly upward, my eyelids closed, and on each of them a five cent nickel.

My philosophy was now completely floored. Whether I was dead or alive I could not determine. I still seemed in some way connected with my own body, but not an actual occupant of it. I had no sensation, and doubted whether I should ever again experience any. I had no longer the dread of suffering which had distressed me when I was expecting scientific mutilation in the waiting room of the station. I even could watch the preparations for my own funeral with something of the indifference of an unconcerned spectator. The undertaker was viewing his finished work with apparent satisfaction, and gathering up the spoils of his trade, was preparing to leave the room. I did not feel entirely satisfied with the familiar carelessness with which he had manipulated my body so soon as my wife left the room, rolling it about with professional recklessness and indifference. I had known Sniff somewhat intimately, and thought, for old acquaintance' sake at least, he should have shown a little consideration for my mortal remains. I forgave him, however, when I afterward witnessed the scientific manner in which he displayed to the best advantage my features in the handsome coffin he had provided, and the real gratification he appeared to take in seeing his work well done.

I can only glance at what occurred while I was waiting for my funeral. I remember how during the long night I watched my own coffin, linked to, yet apparently separated from my own body; viewing my own pale countenance by the dimly burning gas light overhead; listening to the never ceasing "drip, drip" of the water from the melting ice; observing how the morning sun again shone cheerfully, but could not dispel the gloom of my little household; how the undertaker busied himself about my body, unconscious that he was watched by its late occupant, how my friends came during the day, viewed the remains of their late companion, expressed their sympathies to my wife, and went away.

I must not omit to mention a mysterious phenomenon which occurred while I was apparently separated from the body. During the day my wife had passed a longer time than usual without entering the room in which I was. I felt a desire for her presence, and was wondering how she could be occupied. While so doing, I unexpectedly found myself by her side in the room on the second floor where she was accustomed to spend most of her time. She was sitting, apparently in sorrowful meditation; in the easy chair I had so often seen her occupy, while near her was the vacant seat I usually selected for myself. Her sad, pale countenance did not alter its expression, and she evidently knew nothing of my presence. A dressmaker in the room, engaged in the preparation of mourning apparel, was equally ignorant of the presence of a third person. I found that by a simple effort of the will I could come and go as I pleased, and during the day I experienced a new and unexpected source of consolation in watching, though unseen, at my wife's side.

This new power of locomotion, of which I accidentally discovered that I was the possessor, I exercised still farther. My thoughts at one time reverted to the scene of the accident upon the Erie road, and in a moment I was there. The spectators of two days before had deserted the place, the overturned engines had been righted and placed on a truck, the fragments of the demolished cars had been removed from the sight of passing trains, the waiting room, my horrible prison, was open and unoccupied, and only a baggage master and switchtender were to be seen in the neighborhood.

My thoughts turned to my red-haired companion and fellow sufferer. While thinking of him I found myself in a neat inland village which I had never before visited. A modest wooden house, painted white and with green venetian blinds, presented itself to my view. Led by some influence which I cannot explain, I found myself inside, in a room which seemed to be the parlor. There I saw a neat coffin, with the lid partially removed, bearing on a plate the inscription: "James B——, aged 25. Died June 5th, 18—." In the coffin was the body of the companion of my journey, of whom I had been thinking. A depression, forming a line around his forehead, caused by a partial separation of the divided portions of the skull, was all that told of the fine work of the surgeon. I felt guilty of an intrusion, and was glad to find myself again at home.

The hour for my funeral arrived. Friends who had been respectfully invited to be present began to appear. My kind pastor offered the remarks usual on such occasion, and ascribed to me virtues which I fear I never possessed. The whole proceedings had the same matter-of-fact air as many others of a similar nature at which I had been present without feeling the same degree of interest in them.

After my body had been removed from the ice box and placed in the coffin, and the chill from the ice began, I suppose, to pass away, I felt myself drawn nearer to it, as if I were once more a part of it. Suddenly all was again darkness. I perceived that I was again inhabiting my own body, with limbs still immovable, and with only the sense of feeling and hearing at command. My ethereal wanderings were over, and I was again dwelling in the flesh. It was a change like that which takes place when, after wandering in bright dreams through planes near and distant, we at length awake and find ourselves in bed amid the darkness of night.

The lid of my coffin was screwed firmly on, and I was encircled in the hearse. I heard the rumbling of wheels as we passed through the streets; the splash of the puddles as we crossed the ferry, the smooth rolling as we left the pavement and entered the drives at Greenwood. I was left alone in the vault. The last words I heard from one of the attendants to whom the vault is the morning and when the coffin in the crypt that was born assigned to it.

I was alone for the night, again surrounded by dead bodies, and my last opportunity for communication with the world was soon in the morning. How the valley of Siloam has passed entirely from me. Unless I may have been, previous to that time, in a state of sleep, or otherwise temporarily unconscious, as indicated by the striking of hours in the church towers of the city, and it would seem but a few minutes. Hearing was the only one of the senses I could exercise, and I listened eagerly to every sound, to assure myself that I was still in the material world. I could hear the katydids on the trees without, the croaking of frogs in the pond of the cemetery, the music of tree-toads, and once a whippoorwill poured forth his note with startling distinctness just at the door of the vault.

Near morning a new pause in my condition occurred. I began to feel in my hands and feet a sensation as if they were overrun by an army of ants and spiders. At first I thought insects had found their way into my coffin. They seemed to be crawling up my legs and arms and over my body in countless multitudes. Then I felt a sharp tingling, as if each ant were plunging a small needle in my flesh—then a pain, as if each needle were a hook at which the ants were vigorously tugging. Then there was a quivering beneath the skin and a tremor of the muscles of the legs and arms. Finally, with some forebodings, I made an effort to move my hand, and as I did so I heard the rustling of the stiffened trimming of the coffin. The sweetest note of Nilsson could not afford the pleasure that the sound gave me. By repeated efforts I moved my extremities until they were entirely under the control of my will. I tried to articulate, but could only produce a sound which I was ambitious enough to call a groan. Still, I hoped it might be heard without the coffin.

I think it was about seven o'clock in the morning when I heard a rattling at the grating which constituted the door of the vault. The hinges creaked, and a moment afterward I heard the sound of footsteps and voices near me: "The upper hole's the place to put 'm. Take hold of t'other end, Pete. Little end just," said a hoarse African voice.

I felt myself lifted some distance from the ground; the foot of the coffin was rested on the edge of the crypt, and the head, I supposed, was supported on the shoulders of two men, preparatory to its being shoved into its final resting place.

I thought my last moment for rescue had arrived. If I could not make myself heard now, my fate would be finally decided. I concentrated all my energies upon the effort: "Oh—oh—um-m! oh—oh—um-m!"

"What's dat? who's dar? What did you say, Pete?"

"Nuffin.' I guess suthin' must be the matter wid you."

Again I tried, more desperately than before: "Ah! oh—um-um m!"

"I heard suthin,' I'm sure, Pete. Who's dar? I say."

Once more I tried: "Oh—um-m!"

"Oh, golly! Um's in de coffin. Char out, Pete! Dis nigger's gwine, shuah?"

The very next instant I was sensible of a concussion as if all Bismarck's Prussians had planted their batteries in the head of my coffin and fired them off simultaneously. Meteors shooting stars and sky rockets, intertwined with innumerable streaks of lightning of all sizes, shapes and colors shot through and before my eyes. My coffin was standing upon its head, with the foot resting against the edge of the crypt, having been dropped by the Ethiopians at the sound of my third groan. The light of day was streaming through the broken lid, which had been split by the force of the fall. Pure air also was admitted through the aperture, and whether from this reason, or because I was roused by the violence of the concussion, I found that I was once more breathing freely. I was also able to see through the chink in the coffin lid, that the negroes in their flight, had left the door of the vault widely open. I now felt sure of my escape and final safety.

Standing on one's head in one's coffin is not a comfortable position. By a decided swinging motion I succeeded in dislodging the foot of the coffin from its resting place, and in bringing it to the floor with a crash not quite equal to the first. The lid of the coffin had been so shattered by the successive fall that I succeeded in bursting it open after a severe struggle.

I was now free. The concussion had fairly aroused my vital powers, and though weak and trembling, I climbed the steps that led from the vault. The first objects that met my view were the two colored individuals standing a few rods off, and staring with dilated eyes and outstretched necks towards the door of the vault. My head had just risen above the surface when with a yell they turned their backs, and flying heels and vibrating elbows remained before my vision but a moment, and then were hidden by a corner. The view from Greenwood is at all times beautiful, but to me, after my escape, it seemed glorious beyond description. In the beautiful sunlight of a June morning, the glittering dew, the grass, the trees, the bay, the distant hills, the neighboring cities, united to form a picture which seemed too charming for this world.

I next thought of home and of the method of getting there. I had been attired for the grave in an ordinary suit of black, but was without hat, shoes or purse, which the undertaker had considered useless incumbrances in taking the last journey. One or two early visitors to the cemetery looked as if I were an escaped lunatic as I was toiling as rapidly as possible toward the gate. The gate-keeper started as if he were witnessing an apparition when I passed. I approached the nearest hack driver and asked to be taken to New York. He surveyed me from head to foot, and demanded his pay in advance. I effected a compromise by offering as all which had been left in my shirt bosom as security, and was soon on the road homeward.

For the first time in my life I experienced some embarrassment upon entering my own house. I hesitated whether to announce myself or send a message by the driver, but decided upon the latter course. I succeeded the steps and rang the bell. The servant who opened it gave a bewildered look at me, and with a scream of more than ordinary terror precipitately fled to the back part of the house. I pursued on and entered the parlor. My wife, alarmed at the noise, descended the stairs, and seeing the open door of the parlor, walked across. Her eyes met mine, but she fainted, she said rapidly, "I expected it—I was sure you would—" Her face and lips bloodless; she tottered toward me, and before I could advance to assist her, fell heavily to the floor.

Many days elapsed before I could exchange a single remark with my wife on the subject of my experience, and not my wife to inform me what was the nature of the preliminary talk which she had been overheard by the minister of my deceased. Her reply was brief:

"When you left I had only a vague, but strong conviction that some misfortune would befall you; what it was I did not know, nor could I give any reason for the belief. When your body came home it seemed a partial fulfillment of a forgotten dream. The different events of your funeral as they occurred seemed exactly what I had anticipated, though I had not definitely foreseen any of them. The occurrences of those days in their effect upon my mind I can only compare to a panorama of familiar scenes passing before my vision. As every picture presented itself, I recognized the scene as one with which I had been acquainted, though I could not tell what would next appear until it had been unrolled. When you were placed in the vault I felt that my presentiment had not yet been completely fulfilled, but I could not imagine what was lacking, nor determine whether the conclusion would occur in this world or the next. When you reappeared, I felt that the sad and mysterious prophecy of which I was the unconscious and unwilling medium, had been verified and believed then, as I do now, that my presentiment had received its accomplishment.

A year has passed since the events I have described took place, but the weeks seem short in comparison with the hours of those days, whose very minutes seem separately and indelibly scorched upon my brain.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Miscellany.

MYSTERY OF NINETEEN YEARS.

The Bones of a Human Being Found in the Water Closet of the Buckeye Hotel.

From the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

For several days past a colored man named Abe Hunter and several assistants have been engaged in excavating and cleaning out the privy vault of the Buckeye Hotel on Broad street. In the debris they removed they found all sorts of domestic utensils, old rags, several bottles of whisky and almost every imaginable article seen about a hotel. But at a great depth the workmen came across a bulk wrapped up in several coarse sheets, which proved to be that of a man. The bones, in an advanced state of decomposition, were wrapped securely in what seemed an old overcoat, and fastened with a bed cord, still undecayed. Another piece of cord, fastened to a stout stick, was found fastened about the arms and jaws of the body, as if for the purpose of lowering the body to its repulsive receptacle. On top of this mass was piled a dozen or more sheets, old coffee bags, tin ware, stones, gravel and every other description of debris, seeming to indicate a design and particular care in covering and concealing that which lay below.

The workmen engaged in the disagreeable business threw out such portions of the remains as did not fall to pieces upon the exposure to the air, and immediately reported their discovery to the landlord of the hotel, who in turn reported it to the proper authorities, and the Coroner soon appeared to take such measures as were possible to inter the remains and solve the mystery, but this is probably a thing that will never be accomplished, and a murder committed years ago will pass into the vast record of undiscovered crimes.

Near, or about the body, was found a memorandum book, in a tolerable state of preservation, containing papers that may possibly give some clue to the date of the interment. This book contained several postage stamps of the kind used in 1852, and several letters of recommendation from well-known printers and editors of this city at that time, recommending M. L. Bryan, the well known Mayor of London, and now editor of the *Madison County Democrat*. Of course these do not indicate "Tony" as the victim, and may have no connection with the tragedy; but there is an indistinct recollection among several printers that at one time, while he worked here, he lost or had stolen from him some papers of value to himself only.

The first letter legible is to Mr. Joseph Medill, then of the Cleveland *Forest City*, and reads:

"FAST OHIOAN, COLUMBUS, O.,
"March 14, 1852.

"Mr. Joseph Medill, Editor Forest City:

"Allow me to introduce to you Mr. M. L. Bryan, a typo. Anything you can do for him will be remembered by

"Yours, fraternally, J. A. KNOTSOAK."

The other letter, dated the same year, is one recommending Mr. Bryan to the courtesies of the craft generally as a good printer and worthy man, and was directed to Ray Haddock, formerly of the *Statesman*, but then the principal working editor of Mr. Medill's paper, the *Forest City*. This letter is signed by the journeymen compositors of the *Statesman* news room, "Fred M. Porter, John M. Zeigler, Leon E. Doren, Robert Cristy, F. G. Haight and Sam Bradford."

Mr. Bryan may be able to give some clue to the date of the affair, if he remembers the time he lost his property from his room in his boarding house. The proximity of the book and the letters to the body, and their dates, found to almost the lowest layer of the vault, led to the theory that the terrible burial must have been enacted more than nineteen years ago, and that some mysterious disappearance at or about that time could be traced to the decayed remains discovered this morning.

At about the date supposed under the theory based upon the discovery of the nook, Colonel Green kept the Buckeye Hotel, and was succeeded by Mr. Stimpson who retired several years ago, at which time there have been several changes of proprietors. The house has always borne a good reputation, and at times has been a very popular resort to members of the Legislature and the traveling public generally.

From all the evidence that can be adduced from the presence of their frame and the surrounding circumstances there can be no doubt that a dark and bloody murder was wrought at all but the perpetrator and his Creator, was committed years ago, and so successfully concealed that all possibility of discovering the perpetrator must be abandoned.

Coroner Ryan had the remains collected this morning and will see that they receive somewhat like human interment in the Potter's Field.

In the discussion in the French Assembly on the disarmament of the Nation Guard, Thiers warned the assembly against anarchy, and was warmly applauded by the whole left. He declared he would be sole judge of the matters to come back, and if the Assembly did not vote as he wished, he would resign.

Some Words About Women.

Martha Perry Lowe writes in *Old and New*, for September:

Women cannot truly succeed in their great work of self-emancipation, if they put themselves in seeming antagonism to men. They may get their rights, they probably will; but they destroy the fine relation which should exist between them and men, unless both work together for the same end. Man is all ready to serve woman, and to take up her interests as much as in knight errantry times of old; but woman must use a wise policy in her dealings with him, in order that his service may be glad and spontaneous, and that his prejudices against a change of existing customs may melt away insensible before the eloquence and power of her life.

The first fact which women should justly convince man of is this: that they can do a great many things which he cannot do. How do they show him this? By courting his praise and flattery, or by laudation of their sex and boasted independence? No; but by their daily life; by their power to govern a household, which is often sublime; by their wisdom with children, their clever economies, their domestic graces. In these, and many other ways, they show their dominion over realms which man cannot enter, except as a subject. Men see this spectacle of woman, at their post of duty, all over the Christian world; and in their calm hours they bow before it.

The next fact which they should recognize with men is this: that there are many things that men do, which the majority of women cannot do, or ought not to do. Coarse out-of-door employments seem not to be for them, nor exposures on land or sea, nor the severest labors of the surgeon, the management of animals, the command of vessels, the lading of merchandise, and the heavy mechanical arts.

It is so evident to our senses that women are molded on a different plan from men, that we must feel that any prolonged physical labor, which has a tendency to brutalize those finer nervous powers in her, will also threaten to destroy the distinctive qualities of her soul which respond to the higher wants of man. Similarity of pursuit, in many cases, will only produce variety in the working and better self-development; but in the departments of labor which we refer to, and many others, we feel that more is lost than gained. Of course, there are exceptions to all these cases, but they do not alter the general rule.

Who the Healthy Girls Are.

From the Woman's Journal.

Girls, whose ages range from 12 to 18, have an ideal standard of size, and if by chance nature determines otherwise, it is punished for its presumption. What corsets cannot effect, arsenic, slate-pencils, chalk and vinegar can, and when all these aids are brought into requisition, the saints are rewarded by pallid cheeks, pussy physiques—waists that a hand can almost span. The mother knows that in the hour her little girl modestly requests that "the hooks or buttons be set back, for mamma, see, I can run my hand between my dress and myself, and I do feel so untidy with such a bag hanging round me," that the warfare has begun, and until the day of her decline the apostle's injunction to "keep the flesh in subjection," will be scrupulously obeyed.

Between the eras of the swaddling band, and corsets and crinoline, there used to be a period of a few years, when arms and limbs could climb trees and scale heights like their progenitors mentioned by Dr. Darwin, and muscle, sinew an blood bade fair to hold their own. The little bare-headed, tanned girl of ten, astride a bridleless and saddleless horse, or paddling down the stream on a raft of her own construction, had a season of pure animal enjoyment, and it was thought enough if she grew plump and rosy, was early to bed and early to rise, and could sing the "fives" to the tune of Yankee Doodle. She must have been far in her "teens" or out of them, before she caught a glimpse of the model young lady with tapered waist, pinched feet, fastidious appetite, and a general air of languor pervading every movement and utterance. She looked upon the lay figure with admiration, and forthwith commenced remodeling herself, but with indifferent success. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." Nature had a good start, and she could not yield to art without a hard struggle. The few robust women of forty to day, are the ones whose young lives are free and careless as the birds, whose clothing never fettered limbs nor pressed lungs, whose impulses and instincts were never checked or killed outright by Mrs. Grundy's strictures.

A Long Branch Princess.

A lady in a letter from Long Branch to the Philadelphia *Press* draws this unpleasant picture of the fashionable married women there: "A married woman of the fashionable kind at Long Branch has arrived at that point where there is nothing more that can be expected or desired. She has a suite of rooms set apart for her exquisite use. She has servants who have neither eyes nor ears. She has a carriage lined with satin as luxurious as eider down, which comes and goes by a wave of her jewelled hand. She has a professional baiter to take her into the briny fluid, who knows how to manage, so that even the Atlantic shall not visit her cheek too roughly. She has usually a very young man attached to her by invisible reins, after the manner of Aunt Trotwood and Mr. Dick. This innocent creature she has the measure of her vanity when bobbing bather was been selected for the slaughter. The most desperate flirtations are nothing to an oily-tongued bather and a growler held with one hand thinking in Wall street. I have seen a woman so with any progress she was a senator or governor or every child, when a French maid waits at her elbow to comb and adjust her hair for, to powder, pencil and paint, to prepare, shape of a wife. Why Queen Elizabeth was denied more than all the stories this American princess enjoys. What rewards to the world does the woman make or all she takes out of it? Her moral influence is as subtle as her physical, and yet New York sends scores of such women and the Lake Superior ores in the country. Can women be trained to be cultured when we have these pictures before our eyes? It must be a bondage to only the God whose crown these can assail with eyes, now beguiling like Circe's and now Parisian.

An unpleasant incident occurred on the train, on the occasion of one of the excursions of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad. Mr. Wilson, Chief Engineer of the road, was standing on the platform of the car, and while in motion, was suddenly thrown off by the sudden starting of the train. He fell between the cars, and was run over by the wheels, which passed over both his legs, crushing them in a terrible manner. He was taken to the hospital at Cincinnati, where his legs were amputated.

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1871.

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THE WORLD AND THE REFORM MEETING.

The New York *World* manifests considerable perturbation over the success of the great reform meeting held in that city last night. It calls it a Custom House affair—meaning that the whole movement was worked up solely for partisan purposes. The public have to do, not so much with the movers in this reform, as with the facts they present and the solemn and well sustained accusations they render against the leading officers of the city. Republicans are doubtless disposed to help on with any movement which will help displace the corrupt leaders of the Democracy. It is their privilege, as tax payers, and as American freemen, to examine into the official conduct of the chiefs of the opposing party, as it is a privilege the Democrats are swift to improve in scanning the action of Republican officials. No matter who makes the accusation, or prosecutes the case on behalf of the people. The question to be decided is: Are these men guilty as they stand charged in the indictment? The charges are explicit and clear of all indefiniteness. Let the *World* cease quibbling and whining. No matter who brings the charges—the truth is what the honest men of all parties want and should have.

☞ The Democratic politicians in Pennsylvania, like their brethren in Ohio, have given up all hope of electing their State ticket, and are pressing all their energies to secure a majority in both Houses of the Legislature. The Republicans in both States should realize that the utmost harmony, and every possible exertion, is necessary to secure the Legislature in each of these States.

☞ The Secretary of the Treasury has not announced what course he will take in regard to the $300,000,000 five per cents, which remain of the new loan, under the funding bill. It is conjectured that he will defer further offers in this market for some weeks to come.

NEW YORK RECKONING WITH ITS UNJUST STEWARDS.

New York City is at length fully aroused to the magnitude of the enormous robberies to which her tax payers have been subjected. The meeting of citizens of all parties which was held on last evening, was well calculated to convince the Tammany conspirators that their corrupt agents could no longer evade giving an account of the manner in which they have conducted their respective offices. Wherein they fail to furnish the truth the people will supply it from other sources. The President of the meeting was ex-Mayor HAVEMEYER, a Democrat who was the Executive officer of the city, when honest men only were chosen to a station so important. He was supported by prominent citizens of all parties, among whom were: NOAH DAVIS, W. M. EVARTS, HENRY CLEWS, ISAAC H. BAILEY, S. B. CHITTENDEN, MOSES H. GRINNEL, L. LOCKWOOD, JACKSON S. SCHULTZ, MARSHAL O. ROBERTS, Gen. JOHN A. DIX, and B. J. ARNOLD.

The chairman made an appropriate address on taking charge of the meeting. He said that all citizens were interested in having an honest and economical administration of the city government, and hence the non-partisan character of the meeting. He contended that the charges of corruption and extravagance made against the city officials had not been satisfactorily answered. He traced these corruptions to fatal defects in the recently enacted charter of the city. The city was under the rule of an unprincipled oligarchy. He closed by asking the people what they were going to do about this condition of things. The remedy must come from the people, if one is found at all.

Judge MOTT followed in an earnest speech, in which the frauds were severely exposed. He claimed that the power lodged in the hands of the city officials was without precedent.

The resolutions adopted by the meeting set forth that the city and county debt has been more than doubled in the last thirty months, being $113,000,000; or $63,000,000 more than when Mayor HALL was inaugurated. The grave charges made against the city officials have been met by flippant evasions, which can only be regarded as actual confessions of guilt. The resolutions very properly arraign by name the chief actors engaged in perpetrating and covering up the work of robbery and outrage. They urge the adoption of legal measures to recover as much as possible of the stolen money, the repeal of the city charter and the adoption of a form of city government which shall provide stronger safe guards against corruption. The citizens of New York, without respect to previous political connections, are urged to unite on municipal reform candidates, and the co operation of the people af the State is invited in measures to promote reform. Thanks were voted to the *Times* and other journals which gave light to the people on the subject of these frauds, and a committee of seventy was appointed to carry into practical effect judicious and vigorous measures to secure reform.

After the adoption of the resolutions addresses were delivered by OSWALD OLLENDERFER, Ex-Gov. SALOMON, of Wisconsin, Hon. R. ROOSEVELT, a Democratic Congressman from the city, and EDWARD PIERREPONT. The last speaker said that the robbery of the people's money was not the sorest evil the city has to complain of. The election frauds were robbing the people of their liberty.

Meetings of Germans and Irish citizens have also been held to denounce the corruptionists and urge a union of the people to effect reform. The people can not always be hoodwinked, nor their just indignation silenced by demagogical devices, nor adroit evasions. These meetings are among the most hopeful signs of the times. They are signs of moral life which revive the hopes of all friends of political and personal honesty. When honor and truth become jests and by-words among public men, it is time that the people should displace them by men who look at these cardinal principles of morality in a different light.

THE KU KLUX IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Columbia (S. C.) *Union* admits the need that exists for the intervention of the strong hand of the General Government to keep the peace in South Carolina. An article on the ravages of the Ku Klux concludes as follows:

"The difference between the conduct of Southern Democratic journals and journals in the North is very apparent. Whenever an outrage against law occurs in any Northern State the press is never backward in denouncing it, no matter whether the parties be black or white, Democrats or Republicans. Here everything is worked in the interests of one party. The latest raid into Orangeburg by an hundred, more or less, of disguised men hardly drew a protest from a single Democratic journal, while some of them even seek to cover up and hide the offence. We have been desirous that peace and quiet should prevail in order that there might be no reason for the enforcement of the Ku Klux law, but we are now confident that nothing but the strong arm of the United States Government will bring peace and order to the State, and this we believe will soon be brought into requisition. Many persons in the disaffected sections profess to prefer martial law to the present Government, and to all such we will say, the prospects now are that you will soon have your preferences gratified. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue and martial law in certain localities has become almost a necessity. We hope the National Government will use every means at its command to preserve the peace in this State, and will enforce the Ku-Klux law to the very fullest extent; there is no use in being mealy-mouthed about these matters any longer. The first duty of the Government is to protect the lives and property of its citizens, and when a State government fails to do this, it then becomes incumbent upon the National Government to make good the defection.

Senator SCOTT has made a strong appeal to the President to put down Ku Klux violence. As South Carolina holds no election this year the Democratic assertion that military rule is only introduced to overawe voters and control elections will have no effect. The preservation of the peace—security to peaceable and loyal men—should be the object kept first in view by the government. Let the Administration do what it may, the Democratic press will complain, and misrepresent both its acts and motives. As the Columbus Union says, every Democratic press in the South denies that Ku Klux outrages exist or else justifies them as just and lawful acts in the interest of justice and peace. The government should do its duty and pay no attention to unprincipled fault-finders.

THE DEMOCRACY PUNISHING ITS HONEST MEN.

The news dispatches of this morning inform us that while Congressman ROOSEVELT was making an address before the great reform meeting in New York, a Democratic association in another part of the city was declaring him an apostate from his party, and calling upon him to resign his seat in Congress. Mr. ROOSEVELT, in their opinion, forfeits his right to a place in the Democratic party by advocating an honest administration of municipal affairs! An honest man is no longer a proper representative of the Democratic party in Congress!! This is the only interpretation we can place on the resolutions of that Democratic association. Composing, as it does, a part of the so called Democratic organization, and being more familiar with the secret and internal affairs of the party in that city than any outsiders can be, it is not for us, in the absence of any expression of sentiment from other Democratic bodies, to contradict its utterances. It is too true that the adherents of the Democratic party are recklessly determined to conceal or justify the flagrant abuses and frauds of its leaders. This shows the extreme hypocrisy, foulness and rottenness of the whole organization. Its thieves are justified, honored and protected, and its few honest men, outlawed and disowned, as traitors to their party.

It is charged that Republicans were and are still in league with the corruptionists of Tammany. Individuals calling themselves Republicans doubtless are so involved, just as thieves, extortioners, and adulterers sometimes call themselves pious and honorable, and crowd themselves into the religious organizations of the country. But in no other way do these partners of the Tammany thieves come to be Republicans. No Republican organization will ever interpose a single resolution or effort to prevent the exposure and punishment of such men. No Republican caucus will ever dare to denounce one of its representative men for taking part in a public meeting, composed of the most worthy and eminent citizens of all parties, the sole object of which was to denounce rascals and contrive means to get a measure of honesty once more into the administration of the city government.

We quite agree with the Democratic Association referred to that Mr. ROOSEVELT is no longer a fit representative of the Democracy of New York. The Tammany ring is the true type and representative of Democracy. Frauds on the ballot box and on the Treasury are the means by which it usurps the political control of the city and the State. Mr. ROOSEVELT opposing these throws himself out of the Tammany synagogue. It is gratifying to know, however, that when he goes out of the door which is opened for his exit, it can not be slammed after him until a number of his friends have crowded their way out into purer air and healthier surroundings in company with him.

THE REFORMERS AT WORK.

By reference to the despatches from New York the reader will see that the committee appointed to bring the plundering officials of that city to an account for their criminal conduct have gone to work in a business like way, by appealing to the courts for a legal remedy, in order to get back to the Treasury the money which has been stolen from it. These officials are no better than brigands, and should be treated no better than civilized governments treat that kind of rouges. The action of the meeting and the committee bear the stamp of an earnest and honest purpose. Let the energy and courage with which the onset has been made be kept up to the end, and a check to rascality in public affairs will be given such as it has never before had. The courts ought to be able to check this form of public theft, or if they are not the people will rise in their might and remedy the evil by a process entirely outside the forms of the law. To prevent such a dire necessity, the law should be made to remove all possible occasion therefor. The public debt of a city increasing $63,000,000 in two years shows the magnitude of the stealing which has been going on. Now is the time to put an end to the ring of thieves who, by means of bold and gigantic thefts of the people's money, expected to get control of the government of the United States. Much of this plunder, of course, has gone into private pockets, but a large proportion of it was meant to be a corruption fund, to be used to carry close States for the Democratic candidate for President, and to colonize majorities into close Congressional districts. The whole country, but for this timely movement would have been, in the elections of this year and the next, exposed to the same outrageous frauds and violence which have for years prevailed at the polls in the city of New York. The Tammany fighters and repeaters, by a combination with the Ku Klux of the South, hoped to brow-beat and bribe the way of the Democratic party to victory in 1872. The reform movement, therefore, is of the utmost importance to the people of the whole country as breaking the power of the most violent and corrupt combination that ever threatened to pervert a government.

REPUBLICAN VICTORIES.

The elections which have taken place this year are full of encouragement to the Republican party. Montana territory, being settled mainly with the scattered remnants of PRICE'S confederate army, was supposed to be hopelessly Democratic, but this summer very unexpectedly returned a Republican delegate to Congress. The news from Wyoming territory now coming in shows an increased Republican vote, and gives hope of the election of a Republican majority in the Legislature. This is quite a cheering prospect when we consider that the last Legislature was unanimously Democratic. The news from the Wilmington, Delaware, election, which occurred yesterday, shows the Democratic majority in the City Council to be overcome. The President elect of the Council and the treasurer elect are Republicans, the latter chosen by 600 majority. This is a Republican gain over the elections of last year. Thus we see our cause not only holding its own but gaining strength in the Democratic strongholds of the country.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF NEW YORK REPUBLICANS.

The Republicans of the State of New York have a very serious responsibility resting upon them at this time, in view of the opportunity which they now have of pushing onward the car of reform. The hideous corruption of the Tammany ring having been laid bare, and the really well disposed and honest men of the Democratic party being willing to co-operate with any party which will secure an honest administration of the finances of the State, and maintain the supremacy of the laws, without regard to class or races, or sects, the Republican party has a rare chance to overcome its opponents, and rule in the interest of justice and public order. The Tammany ring controls the Democratic party and the only way by which its plunderings can be stopped is to defeat the party whose authority it has wielded and whose fame it has defiled beyond the hope of pardon or cleansing.

The situation calls upon the wrangling factions in the city and State of New York, to cease their strife and work together for the rescue of the State from the clutches of the Democracy. If they are not wholly dead to the appeals of patriotism, they will hear and heed this appeal. The cause is one which affects the honor of the Empire State, the credit and fame of the great commercial metropolis of the United States, and the cause of justice, peace and public order in all the land.

Recognizing, as we do, this duty of the Republicans of the Empire State, we cannot, however, see the point of agreement and union on the basis of agreeing to a universal amnesty, as the editor of *Harper's Weekly* recommends. That would conciliate but few Democrats, and would be likely to introduce an element of fierce debate into the Republican camp. The country suffers nothing because JEFF. DAVIS and ROBERT TOOMBS are ineligible to seats in the United States Senate. The question of amnesty can lie over more easily and with greater benefit to the country than almost any other now agitating the country. Nor can the party in New York, or elsewhere, be made a unit on a free trade basis, as the editor hints. Outside of the city, the State of New York is largely interested in manufactures, and this cannot conciliate the ultra free traders of New York city. Nor is the city unanimous in favor of free trade, notwithstanding the influence of importers. The issues of political reform, of municipal economy, and of public order, are in themselves a bond of union for good and patriotic men. It will be wise, in our judgment, to unite on these practical questions with all men who wish the workers of corruption to be rebuked, and a rigid economy once more introduced into the affairs of the Government. If the leaders of the factions are disposed to breed trouble, let the people unite in spite of them. The Republicans of the United States look for union in order to defeat the common enemy, among their brethren of the Empire State.

THE CHOLERA IN RUSSIA.

The reports of the fearful ravages of the cholera in Russia are of the most sad and sickening character. The superstition, ignorance, and slovenly habits of the people greatly aggravating the horrors of pestilence, and making a stoppage of its ravages less possible. The fright caused by its approach must spread the plague in all directions, especially westward, whence emigration usually inclines. This intelligence is another call for the health authorities in American cities to take timely and adequate precautions against the coming of the dreaded plague. We have the experience of the past going to show that the cholera has never failed to break out in this country after it has extensively prevailed in Europe. The approach of winter may stop its career for the present season, only to break out in the early summer of next year. The germs of the disease are brought in by immigration to be developed in the next summer. We have nothing to lose by vigilance and timely precaution, while neglect now may cause great terror and loss of life hereafter. We have sufficient ignorance, superstition and filth in our populous cities to make the pestilence as fearful and as hard to stop, as it is found to be in Russia. Let medical science exert its power while the auxiliaries of the destroying pestilence are controllable.

WHERE THE MONEY IS.

The N. Y. *Times* tells the poorer class of tax-payers in that Tammany cursed city where the money they have paid into the Treasury has gone:

Let the poorer class of tax-payers, especially the Democrats, think of the wonderful transformations which have taken place in the condition of our rulers during the last few years. Woodward, ten years ago, entered the Supervisor's office at a salary of $800 per annum. Now he owns a magnificent country-seat, valuable horses, and other luxuries. Garvey, the lucky plasterer, was glad, six years ago, to do plain jobbing at fair rates. Now he is worth nearly a million, and owns an entire island for his summer residence. Twelve years ago Tweed failed in business, and for a time was content to act as foreman over a gang of street cleaners, at $3 per day. Now he owns real estate in every part of the city, runs several banks, and is chief proprietor of a printing office, a lithographic establishment, and a stationary warehouse, his property being estimated at about twenty millions. Sweeny has also suddenly leaped into wealth. Tom Fields could not pay a few paltry debts three years ago; now he is wealthy. Connolly was notoriously in humble circumstances until he gained possession of the public Treasury; now he is building splendid houses and is rolling in wealth. Hall owns a splendid residence in New Jersey. Indeed, all these people have invested in property in other States. Keyser and Ingersoll have likewise sprung into large fortunes; and there are hundreds who were quite poor a few years ago who now sport the costliest diamonds, and possess valuable property of all kinds. The question is, ought these men to be allowed to retain the property they have thus suspiciously acquired?

☞ The Democratic papers still find fault with Secretary BOUTWELL'S financial policy. That is what we must expect from a party which defends the Tammany way of financiering. BOUTWELL'S plan is the very opposite of that.

VINCENT COLYER has sent a letter from O. F. PIPER to the Secretary of the Interior complaining severely of General CROOK for refusing him rations and the right of passage to Cochise's camp, and for treating his commission from the government with contempt.

GOSSIP.

M'lle Nilsson rides a sorrel saddle-horse at Newport.

Charles F. Dunbar, of the Boston *Advertiser*, has left that paper and become a member of the faculty of Harvard University.

A Georgian of eighty years has been the father of fifty-six children, of whom forty survive.

A New Orleans district court crier has brought two thousand suits against the city for $2,000 claimed to be due him.

A New England Colony has settled in Powhattan county, Va., and gone into goat culture, with a present stock of 2,000.

The Ithaca *Journal* estimates the grasshoppers in the pasture fields in that vicinity at about "forty to the square inch."

A rolling-pin, with which a loving wife had knocked her husband down seven times, came in as evidence in an Indiana trial.

The weather has been so hot in Texas that the pop corn popped itself on the stalk. The pacers tell the story, and you may believe it if you like.

A Boston mother-in-law who spitefully persisted in living to the age of 108, was turned out of doors long-suffering daughter's husband.

The California fig crop is ripe, and some of the growers will dry considerable quantities. Last year one grower sold two thousand pounds of figs from one tree.

Count de Moltke is said to be afflicted with an attack of gout which, on account of his age and recent fatigues, places his life in some danger.

The number of emigrants who sailed from Liverpool during the month of August was four thousand greater than in the same month of any previous year.

Gov. Geary, of Pennsylvania, has removed Assistant Attorney-General McClure, for his complicity in irregularities in connection with the collection of certain war claims.

The fur trade is said to be very lively. The fashionable furs, according to reports, will be seal skins, ermine and Astracan lamb. Sable, mink and muskrat are not so popular.

Pius IX. is said to have signed a brief regulating the mode of procedure by which, in case of his death, his successor may be elected within twenty-four hours, and without any meeting of the Conclave.

The Rev. John A. Douglass is the oldest pastor in Maine. He will complete a half century of pastoral service at the church in Waterford (where he was ordained) on the 7th inst.

Recently, at the fete at Chiselhurst, the ex-Emperor received, among tokens of esteem from most of the capitals of Europe an album with the names of 6,000 Parisian merchants inscribed therein.

One of the largest hotels in Philadelphia is owned and managed by a woman, and in one store, among several large ones owned by women, a business of over one hundred thousand dollars a year is done.

A man in Galveston, the other day, who complained of being over-heated, effected a permanent cure by drinking six glasses of ice-water, without the aid of a physician. He was cool when the Coroner came.

A California groom on being asked if he would take this woman to be his wedded wife, replied with energy that the minister must be a fool to ask such a question as that, adding "drive on with your business."

Advice as to mounting a mustang: "Stranger, reckon you don't understand that animal. There ain't only one way to get along with a mustang, and that is to let him go just as he is a mind to, and then steer him."

The orthography of the Flemish language has lately been modified by a royal decree, and a printer demands of the King an indemnity of 90,000 francs, on the ground that the decree prevents his selling his stock of dictionaries.

Sergeant Sam Shaw, who bound the colors of the 33d Illinois about his body at the storming of Vicksburg, and so kept them safely for nine hours after the repulse, and then bore them back to camp, died at Bloomington, Ill., on the 24th ult.

The births in England exceed the deaths 579 every day. As the population is already over-crowded, and the poorer classes sinking into pauperism at a fearful rate, it is obvious that the only possible relief must come from war, pestilence or forced emigration.

All silks, especially black silks, have advanced in price abroad, but there will probably be very little increase in price here, as most of next season's silks were ordered at war prices. The ladies, no doubt, will read this paragraph with pleasure.

The name of Gen. John A. DIX was placed on the pension record for services rendered as Second Lieutenant in the 14th and 21st United States Infantry, in the war of 1812. He served 449 days, and receives $8 per month, beginning on the 14th day of February last.

At a Boston theatre, Mondas night, during the performance of the "Fire Fiend," one of those incendiary plays, the dress of one of the ballet girls caught fire, and only by great presence of mind on the part of one of the attaches of the theater, was she saved from burning to death. Her injuries were serious.

In France, says the Boston *Transcript*, a woman has no remedy when a man promises to marry her, and doesn't. At first sight this may seem a little cruel; but, practically, it has the effect of doing away with what are called engagements, and there being no engagement, there is no breach. A man and woman meaning to be married, marry at once, and there's an end to diplomacy.

On the 15th of September, Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, will be married to Mrs. Edgar, of New Orleans, grand-daughter of Daniel Webster. The bride-elect is the mother of three lovely children, and is a beautiful blonde of very youthful appearance. The groom is a handsome bachelor of forty—more or less—and a grand nephew of Napoleon I. The wedding will be strictly private, and will take place at the residence of a Catholic priest of Newport.

Not a great while since, at a social gathering, a young lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion and glittering with diamonds, sat silent and apart from the rest, taking no part in the conversation, purely literary in its character. The gentleman of the house approached with the remark, "You do not appear to be enjoying yourself." "No," said the lady, "this is too dry for me. Ain't there nobody here that can flirt?" "Flirt!" said he; "ah, I see you are a sort of Cleopatra in disguise." "Cleopatra! No!" rejoined the intelligent beauty, "I never liked Indians."

Dogs remarkable for sagacity exist in regions where alligators abound. For instance when one of them wishes to cross a river where the alligators are he goes up the stream a good way and barks with all his might; the alligators go there and wait for him getting in to swim across. The dog knows what he is about when he sees from the number of snouts above water that his enemies have all gathered to the feast, runs down the bank as fast as he can, and swims across before the alligators are aware of the trick that has been played upon them.

The Prince de Joinville, in refusing the candidature for the Presidency of France, said: "But if I were King, I should know how to govern well. The means are very simple. I would have a Constitution of two articles. The first article should enact that every Frenchman should be a functionary. The second that every Frenchman, on reaching the age of five, should be decorated."

Very recently, Martha Walker, a young Englishwoman, climbed the famous Matterhorn, over 14,700 feet high, in company with her father, aged 65. The Matterhorn is one of the most difficult of all the Alpine peaks to ascend, and has rarely been attempted by a woman. The lady is well named, having climbed Monts Blanc, Rosa, and other peaks with little fatigue.

The London *Locust*, referring to the attack made on Queen Victoria, based upon her absence from entertainments and brief residence in London, says "it would appear as if some persons must forget that the Queen is a lady nearly fifty-three years of age, for they talk as if they expected her to possess the same remarkable physical vigor and nerve power she exhibited twenty years ago."

PERPETUAL HUNGER.

A Michigan Boy Who Eats Raw Meat and Drinks Blood.

From the Jackson Citizen.

A warrant was sworn out yesterday before Justice Dyer for the arrest of Ira Gavitt, of the town of Summit, for assault and battery upon William Henry Forbes, a boy whom he has employed upon his farm. The complaint alleged that Gavitt was wont to chain the boy up in a room, and otherwise misuse him. The warrant was placed in the hands of policemen Pierson and Gilson, who proceeded to Summit and arrested Mr. Gavitt. Mr. Pierson went to the field to serve the warrant, while Mr. Gilson remained behind to watch the boy, who was supposed to have been tampered with on a previous occasion, he refusing to appear against Mr. Gavitt when a similar warrant had been issued.

While conversing with the lad and Mrs. Gavitt, Mr. Gilson was informed by the latter that the boy was a natural-born keptomaniac, stealing everything that he could get his hands upon, and that he possessed a very peculiar and strange appetite—being always hungry, and, unless watched, eating everything of an edible nature that he could get his hands on. To show his abilities in this line, the boy was in the first place given two large apples, which he crunched up like a hog. Then came a raw egg, which he crunched in his mouth and swallowed shell and all. Mrs. Gavitt then gave him two quarts of bread and milk, which he devoured. Mr. Gavitt came in with Mr. Pierson, at this point, and, in obedience to Forces' request, prepared half a dozen raw eggs, which he ate in the same manner as an egg-sucking dog—working the shells out of his mouth. As a breathing spell, he now took a large ear of corn, which was followed by a sauce-dishful of sauce, several cucumbers, and a large slice of pork. The officers interfered and would not allow him to eat any more. Mrs. Gavitt says that he eats all the raw eggs he can get hold of, and that whenever a chicken was killed, he would seize the fowl and suck the blood flowing from the neck. Two years ago, while killing a cow, Mr. Gavitt left the boy to watch the carcass while he was away for a little while. He returned in twenty minutes, and found that little Forbes had licked the blood entirely from the hide, which had just been taken from the animal.

The boy and Mr. Gavitt were taken to the city, and brought before Justice Dyer, who bound the man over to appear to day. While in the court room, the boy asked Mr. Gilson to get him some raw meat. He procured him something over a pound, which he devoured as greedily as a vulture, and then asked for a couple of quarts of blood to wash it down. The officer said that he could not get any, but that he would have some for him to-day.

This forenoon the case came up, but was adjourned over till Tuesday, on account of the unavoidable absence of a witness. The boy informed us that he took home with him last night a lot of peanuts and a half a peck of apples, which he devoured on the way. On arriving home, Mr. Gavitt says he made way with six large ears of corn, and two griddle-cakes the size of a No. 9 stove-hole. This entire exhibition took place between half-past twelve and five o'clock in the afternoon.

Forbes, we learn, was sixteen years old last April, although he does not appear to be more than twelve. He is the son of a quadroon and a Scotchman. His mother is at present the wife of a negro named Pierce, or Price, living in this city. He has not a single African feature, his hair being the color of faded tow, and straight as an Indian's, and his eyes being blue. His features are screwed up into a peculiarly wolfish, hungry expression, which would cause one to look at him more than once. He is as intelligent as boys are usually of his age. He confesses to a passion for stealing—if he don't get caught. We asked Mr. Gavittt what was the biggest meal the boy ever ate, and he informed us that while killing hogs once he devoured raw three "belly-pieces" and three pints of fresh lard.

This monstrosity is certainly the connecting link in the Darwinian chain. Mr. Gavitt says that he shall endeavor to end the boy to Lausing, as he can do nothing with him. He is obliged to chain him up to protect his property and keep enough food on hand for his family. The boy, after having ate as much as he can hold, will stick his fingers down his throat, vomit, and then keep on eating after the manner of a dog. Of a verity, truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

The Switches that are Worn by our Belles.

From the Boston Bulletin.

The first switches were made in Central Falls, Rhode Island, by a workman in one of the flax mills. For a long time all that were used—were made here. Afterward a firm in Providence commenced the manufacture, under the style of the Japanese Switch Company, manufacturing largely. The price then was from $7 to $9, realizing a large profit to the manufacturer. Switches then retailed at $1.50 to $2. Are now sold at twenty-five to thirty-seven cents. Several parties started in this city employ from ten to forty men each. Some idea of the amount manufactured can be found from the experience of the largest of our city manufacturers, employing forty men hackling or finishing the jute, and fifty or sixty girls in the manufacture of chignons, using ten bales, of three hundred pounds, and three thousand pounds of hair per day.

The above firm used over 600 bales (180,000 pounds) in less than three months, at times producing 350 dozen per day of switches alone. A great outcry has been made against this material on the score of insect inhabitants, and especially in the State of Maine the prejudice was so strong that they could not be sold at all. But not an insect was ever discovered by this firm, and the jute is as clean, or more so, than human hair in the course of manufacture.

There are also many switches made of fine glazed cotton thread, also of silk dyed without washing out the gum, which gives it the nearest resemblance to hair of any article used. Much of this hair silk is woven the same as ribbons, and afterward braided like wool into chignons. Jute in a great measure superseded this article, owing to its extreme cheapness. At one time during last summer the stock in market was almost entirely used up from immense quantities used for this purpose, causing it to advance nearly fifty per cent, in price.

Calling in the Five-Twenties of 1862.

From the New York Post.

In effecting payments for the new five per cent. loan, to the extent of forty millions in Europe and fifty millions here, it is important to form a correct idea of the influence of the movement on the foreign and domestic money markets and on the gold market here. The Secretary of the Treasury has called in one hundred millions of the last issue, commonly called first series of five-twenty bonds of 1862. This embraces eighty millions of coupon bonds, almost all of which are held in Europe, and about twenty millions of registered bonds held in this country, and chiefly by the national banks. The coupon bonds held in Europe, will be used as payment for the new bonds; either directly by the subscribers to the new bonds, or indirectly by being cashed by the European syndicate, and then turned in in payment for the new loan. The registered bonds will be used by the banks who have subscribed to the new loan, so that no large amount of the Secretary's promises to pay will actually be called for in gold. The subscriptions by the national banks to the extent of forty millions have been made under stipulations that the banks turn in their five-twenties. A part of the bonds so to be turned in are not of the bonds which have been called in, but are of the more recent issues. Something less than ten millions of the new five per cents. have been subscribed for under the express stipulation that they shall be paid for in gold. This ten millions of gold, together with twenty millions of treasury gold, is held in reserve for the payment of such five-twenties as may be presented for gold. Thus it will be seen that the amount of gold to be thrown on the market will most likely exceed the amount to be drawn from the market; and hence no serious disturbance of the money market nor of the gold market is anticipated. In relation to the disposal, for the time being, of the money paid in for new subscriptions, it should be remembered that it is placed to the credit of the Government on the books of the national bank fiscal agencies, and will be drawn by the Government only as it is wanted to pay bonds called in. It, in fact, does not pass into the treasury in actual gold. This is important to every business man, for it leaves the finances of the country undisturbed, and lets the government receipts and disbursements on account of the loan neutralize each other. It is the opinion of those carrying out the refunding operation that not more than three to five millions of gold will be actually handled in the whole negotiation, and that the actual result will most likely be a small gain to the market of gold from the treasury instead of an accumulation there. It will be observed by comparing the number of bonds called in by the order of the treasury of this day that the total amount is about $145,000,000. The excess over $100,000,000, however, represents bonds which have already been bought by the treasury and applied to the sinking fund, and we presume that the order was made as it was so as not to confuse the serial numbers.

A Social Revolution in Washington.

They are having what they call a "social revolution" in Washington. A party of ladies have taken it upon themselves to assume the redemption of fallen women. This has been tried often, under many different circumstances. The *Chronicle* has a detailed account of interviews by these ladies with several of the keepers of these houses, and from the questions they asked they seemed to dwell more on learning the habits of men, and what men visited these places, than they did upon planning reformations. They did venture to ask why one woman she followed the business, and whether it was entertaining, to which they received the reply:

"A desire to earn money. Nothing else on earth. I don't believe there is a woman living who loves the business. Think what it is, never to be free from fear, never to know at what hour of the day or night we may be dragged to the police court, followed by the rabble, hooting at us or calling us vile names, betrayed, insulted, tried, judged and convicted by the very men who have made us what we are."

Another woman was asked how she obtained girls, and who brought them there, and she said members of Congress and Department clerks excelled in this business. Another woman was asked why she didn't get some work to do and quit the business, and she answered, rather philosophically:

"We could become penitents, live on bread and water, sleep on hard beds until we get very thin, have our hair cut off, have some good Christian set to watch over us, and if we stand it several months, we could get a place in some lady's kitchen; but we couldn't keep it long, for many of us have been brought up ladies, and the lady of the house would always suspect us, and upon the slightest provocation would turn us out in the streets, to come back to our old life, while the men who made us what we are can rise to any position they choose."

These philanthropic ladies proposed a licence and register system. Proposed that the houses be licensed, and that all their patrons be registered, and that none be admitted without a registrar's certificate. These ladies are certainly very short-sighted if they suppose that any law of that sort could ever be made, while the very ones, many of them, who make laws are supporters of this evil. The ladies have got on the wrong track. They are trying to suppress the evil by adopting means to keep men away through the shame of registering, but that would only make the matter worse and help to spread private prostitution. Instead of wasting their time talking to harlots, if they would visit young ladies of the city, and instruct them in the ways of health and dress and usefulness, so that they would become attractive to young men as wives—so that a man when he married would not get cheated in "short weight" and artificial toggery—then the root of the social evil would be struck. Men would marry, and when engaged they would know what they were going to marry, and would not be deceived. Then there would be no support to such places, and without support they would soon die.

Sleeping in a city of a million of Japs, thousands of them low fellows, intrusted with two swords, who know who to use them like lightning, too, and who are so keen with them, that only three years ago two crazy fellows attacking a whole British retinue cut at and rather cut up nine Englishmen and two horses before they were brought down—sleeping, I say, with paper windows and doors only (on the ground floor), that anybody can open at night, is not as safe as sleeping in the eighth or tenth story of a New York hotel.—*Yeddo Correspondence New York Express.*

A foreigner who heard of the Yankee propensity for bragging, thought he would beat the natives at their own game. Seeing some very large watermelons on a market woman's stand, he exclaimed, "What! don't you raise larger apples than those in America?" The quick witted woman immediately replied, "Anybody might know you're a foreigner, them's currants!"

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2, 1871.

The heavy guns of our "flying artillery" trundled themselves into Washington yesterday, from the four winds of heaven, and there was a Cabinet meeting which was attended by the President and all the members, except Messrs. Boutwell and Creswell. The long absence of the "court" makes it "hard sledding" for our public houses, and, one after another, they have gone down and closed their doors under the intolerable dullness of the season.

The Seaton House closes permanently and goes into the service of the government as a part of the Department of the Interior. Probably it will be mostly occupied by the clerks and archives of the Pension Bureau. The Jenness House, the Kirkwood and Willard's are all shut up, but will probably be opened again at some indefinite time in the future. The new Arlington House takes the lead just now, and manages to keep its head above water, owing to enormous charges and a brisk business during the harvest. But September brings with it some indications of the coming revival. The Hall of Representatives is being newly floored and seated so as to accommodate the additional members, the White House is being fitted up for the returning guests, and in the various departments there is more or less changing and repairing, this being the season when they are least crowded.

The female women appear to have their disagreements, as well as the male men. The advanced wing trains under the banner of Mrs. Woodhull, who is candidate for President, for Congress or whatever else may turn up. Tilton, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. Wright, Miss Cozens, &c., belong to the Woodhull wing, and are all fierce agitators who believe they made great progress by their efforts here last winter, and are in the field again with fresh courage and new zeal. Mrs. Woodhull proposes to occupy a handsome house in a central location, and to make it the headquarters for her aggressive army. These women are fierce against the men, some of whom will probably share the fate of General Butler, and get taken.

The mere conservative wing are less demonstrative and will only make flying visits to Washington, just to let Congress know how charming they are. Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Spencer, &c., are all for woman suffrage, but they do not sympathize with the methods or principles of the Woodhulls, and so keep aloof. But as the money and pluck seem to be on the side of the radicals, they will be the representatives of the "woman movement," till some misfortune puts them in the back ground. Meantime there is no doubt that they are making progress.

The debt statement for the month shows a decrease of over nine millions, which is still at the rate of a hundred millions per annum, notwithstanding the great reductions in the taxes. This result may well be an astonishment to the country, and shows how very steady Mr. Boutwell's admirable management of the finances keeps the current of our public affairs. Under McCulloch's rule the transactions of the month would sometimes show a deficiency and sometimes a surplus, but we now expect to find it ending with a regular reduction.

It is understood that the only thing before the Cabinet yesterday of any great importance was the condition of the South. Senator Scott had a long interview with the President, and also made a written communication to the Cabinet, having particular reference to several disorderly counties in South Carolina, which will probably receive the special attention of the government and call for some vigorous measures under the Ku-Klux law. The counties where the strong hand of the government is most needed are those of Spartansburgh and York.

Secretary Fish is about taking a new residence, with largely increased accommodations, and of course will continue to hold the seals of the State Department. He has, however, been quite willing to return his trust to the hands of the President, but Gen. Grant holds on to him and declines to hear anything about a resignation.

The Germans are having a gay time at their annual Schuetzentest, which is in "full feather" at their Park just north of the city. The Park consists of some three acres of land, covered with a splendid grove, in which are erected the buildings for their social gatherings. There is an old country villa on the premises which serves for the beer house, and they have erected a large, canopied platform for dancing, and other buildings for open air sports, and they have great crowds in attendance from day to day; and at night their grounds are brilliantly illuminated.

Our Board of Public Works have got an appropriation of half a million to carry on their improvements for the present, and four millions more depend on a vote of the people to be taken in November; but there seems to be no doubt that the loan will be voted, and consequently everything is very brisk in the way of contracts for paving streets and sidewalks and opening avenues and roads. I rather suspect that we shall have a second edition of New York financiering, and that some large houses will be built in imitation of the grander operations of Manhattan.

September comes in very cool, and altogether unlike what we have been accustomed to in this latitude. We have had some light rains and the pasture fields are green again, but the earth is hot, wet, and fall crops have suffered on account of the drought.

BUCKEYE.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—The Executive Committee of the German National Association has issued a circular calling on Germans generally to attend a mass meeting at Cooper Institute, with reference to the corruption of the city government.

Some accounts of county expenditures are again pubished to-day. These accounts are said to be taken from a list furnished by the Mayor and Comptroller, and show that in 1869 and 1871 nearly thirteen and a half millions were taken from the public treasury, of which five and three-quarter millions went to Ingersoll & Co.; nearly three millions to A. J. Garvey, and a million and a quarter to Keyser & Co. Three quarters of a million of dollars are said to have been paid to J. A. Smith, who is believed to be a myth.

The Irish are beginning action in reference to the alleged frauds in the city Treasury. At a meeting of the Irish Democrats on Saturday, resolutions were passed calling upon the Comptroller to resign, and denouncing generally the speculations of the ring. It was decided to have a public meeting to further carry out the objects of the Association.

The Democratic organization, called the Joseph Dowling Organization, had a large enthusiastic meeting last night, and adopted resolutions requesting Congressman Roosevelt to resign, as he has proven a traitor to his constituents, and joined the Radical party. Roosevelt was one of the speakers at the reform meeting last night.

The New York Herald, Tribune and Times, regard last night's meeting at the Cooper Union, a great success. The World, however, thinks it was the Custom House affair, and that the action of the meeting stamped it as the work of the Custom House faction, who duped and inveigled some well meaning citizens, to take part in its proceedings. The Tribune in speaking of the meeting, says the people of New York have given fair warning to the shameless clique which has tyranized over them so many years, that they will submit no longer to its extortions, will break down the machinery of the party, drive the swindlers certainly into obscurity, and if possible into prison. It is thought that the Tammany leaders were somewhat disconcerted at last night's demonstration at Cooper Institute. The meeting of the Institution had been announced to take place at Tammany Hall last night, but it is said there were so few in attendance that no action was taken. The meeting adjourned for a month.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—Some of the Tammany leaders are to-day boldly maintaining that the meeting last night will result in nothing, and that the power of Tammany will be in no way shaken by its action. Hall has all along asserted that the name of August Belmont, which heads the call for the meeting, was a forgery and that the principal movers in the affair were sore head place-hunters. They claim also that the absence of men who are well known in business and politics, is a sign of weakness is the demonstration. There is little doubt, however, that the meeting has laid the foundation of a public sentiment which will sooner or later work the reform which is so much needed in the City Government. One of the chief demands is for the repeal of the present city charter, which was adopted a year ago, as the result of an arrangement between Democrats and the Republicans who were then in power. This charter places the appointment of important city offices, such for instance as that of Controller, in the hands of the Mayor, and otherwise divests the people of powers heretofore exercised by them. This is a question which will spring the main issue in the fall election. The committee appointed at last night's meeting comprise some of the first citizens, who are known to be honest men. The only drawback to their successful working is thought to be in the fact that their number is too great. Their preliminary meeting took place to day, and permanent officers were elected.

A despatch from Wilkesbarre, Pa., states that a large mine of the Wilkesbarre Coal and Iron Company, known as the Hollenbeck mine, caved in on Saturday morning, creating great consternation at that place. The mine was abandoned on Saturday as it had been considered unsafe for several months. An area of five or six acres of ground sunk 200 feet when the mine collapsed. Thousands of people have visited the scene since the caving. The mine was nearly worked out. The greatest loss will be to the miners who are thrown out of employmentt.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee appointed at the citizens' meeting on Monday, which was held last evening, it was understood that legal proceedings were to be commenced to-day against the city officials, restraining them from further fraudulent application of public funds. An injunction against this object will be applied for. Other points will also be probably involved by the proceedings.

The Times to-day, speaking of the frauds of the city officials, says that one man has invested over a million of dollars in his wife's name in five-twenties; another has erected a palatial mansion in this city and at Norwalk, Connecticut, and the money thus disposed of came from the people rightfully, and belongs to them, and they must have it back by fair means or foul.

Latest European mails have further intelligence of the progress of the cholera in Russia. The proportion of deaths still continues very high. At Boreslogbski, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, for a short time 150 persons died every day. In one village in Venonisk 70 persons have died out of a population of 200. At Nijni one day every case proved fatal. In some places the people are panic stricken and do nothing, looking upon the scourge as a divine punishment, to which they are bound to submit. Everywhere there is a want of medical aid. In the district of Novokoperski there is only one doctor for a population of 50,000. He has visited patients who are 40 or 50 miles distant from each other. In St. Petersburg the cases have considerably diminished.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—At the interview held with the President, yesterday, by the Warmouth, Louisiana, Republican delegation, they unanimously assured the President that unless offending officers were removed the State of Louisiana was irrevocably lost to the party. The President promised that a strict enquiry into the charges would be made, and suitable action taken. He denied that he had received telegrams, asking instruction, from Packard, and was unaware that troops had been used until he saw the statements in the newspapers. The delegates express their satisfaction with the reception, and say they do not desire Warmouth men to be selected for any new appointments. They decline to commit themselves on the question of the renomination of President Grant.

EVANS, the Pennsylvania war claim agent, for whose person a requisition has been made by Gov. Geary upon Gov. Hoffman, for embezzlement, has taken counsel and will contest the right of any Pennsylvania officer to remove him from New York without legal examination here. He charges that a certain political ring in Harrisburg has conspired against him because he would not yield to their demands for a certain share of the money which he received for his services in procuring the payment of the State war debt. Gov. Hoffman will be called upon to decide the case.

It has been the rule to have divorce cases in the Supreme Court of New York, when no defense was offered, referred to some attorney, whose report has as a general thing been accepted by the court. Judge Barnard has announced that trial must be had in open court. This, will, to a certain extent, prevent the perpetration of frauds that have been heretofore going on in the divorce business.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 5.—Colonel E. C. Budinot, of the Cherokee nation, in a recent letter to the Van Buren Press, defines his position in regard to the affairs of his nation and the proper policy to be pursued in connection with its relations to the United States Government as follows: An act of Congress which will secure to the Indians of this Territory, first, one hundred and sixty acres of selected land for every man, woman and child, the same to be inalienable for 20 years. Second, the balance of the land to be sold to actual settlers at the appraised value, not below the minimum price of government land, one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. Third, one million dollars of the Cherokee fund to be devoted sacredly to the education and support of the orphans, insane and blind. Fourth, the interest on the balance, which balance would amount to not less than $10,000 000, to be divided per capita every year. 5th. United States Courts in the Indian country and juries of Indians to try Indians. 6th. A delegate in Congress to take the place of expensive delegations, and thus save to the nation $10,000 or $15,000 per year. At this Congress has the special authority of the treaty of 1866 to do, and I am entitled it.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 5.—The Times has information from Bloomfield, Dunean county, Mo., of a terrible tragedy enacted there last Sunday. A man named Hanna got into an altercation and took refuge in the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Sneider, hotly pursued by a band of armed men with masked faces. Hanna called some friends to his assistance, and when his pursuers came in sight fired upon them, killing Jake Brown, Mr. Biddox and Mr. Drummons, and wounding another man, name unknown. Hanna is a desperate character, who has figured in some half a dozen shooting scrapes. He openly runs an illicit distillery and boldly defies the United States Marshal and his deputies, and threatens to shoot any officer who attempts to interfere with his property. The better class of citizens have no sympathy with these lawless men and demand the arrest and speedy punishment of the parties engaged in this last affair, intimating that unless the law is enforced other means will be resorted to.

LONG BRANCH, Semtember 5.—A committee of twenty of the Warmouth Louisana delegation had an interview with the President to-day, and laid before him their grievances. After considerable consultation in relation to the facts contained in the address read, the President requested a copy, which was given him. He then said he would send it to the officers complained of, and have their statement before taking any action in the matter. He remarked also that the address presented a formidable array of charges against the federal officers named therein. He said he had not authorized the use of troops, and that General Reynolds, when he filled the requisition of Marshal Packard, did not know they were to be used at political conventions. It is understood the committee prepared a careful statement of the interview, giving as near as possible, the exact language used. This report together with the address, will be published.

OMAHA, Sept. 5.—A terrible storm passed over Fremont, forty miles west of here at four o'clock this afternoon, destroying the engine house of the Sioux City Pacific railroad completely, carrying part of the roof over twenty rods. It destroyed the wind-mill, and tore the telegraph wires and poles down for half a-mile. It also blew a car from a side-track. The hail was severe, breaking windows generally. Several buildings were more or less injured by the storm.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—Washburn and Doolittle, the Republican and Democratic candidates for Governor of Wisconsin, have agreed to have a joint discussion on the political issues of the day in each Congressional District of the State. The discussion will take place at Milwaukee, Fon Dulac, Oshkosh, Madison, Janesville and La Crosse.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—A special dispatch from Spain says that the progress of King Amadeus from Albosite to Valencia was one continuous ovation.

A correspondent writing from Rome, Aug. 12th, says that several of the most eminent Cardinals and Bishops who are strong infallibilists are beginning to become reconciled to the political situation. The Cardinals are freely appearing in the streets, and meet with respectful sympathies and regard from the citizens.

Foreign advices report that Professor Fredericks, one of the ex-communicated Dollinger leaders, continues to exercise his religious functions, and that the Archbishop of Maniel, will probably place as interdict upon the Church in which he officiates, and ex-communicate those who sanction his proceedings.

A Madrid journal contains the statement that at a meeting of the central committee of Internationals held at London it was resolved to shrink before no obstacle in order to carry to success the principles of the Internationals. In consideration that the greatest of those obstacles are M. Thiers, the Kings of Belgium, Italy, Spain and Portugal, it was resolved that they be assassinated. It was resolved to set fire to all the factories, workshops and establishments so as to compel hungry unemployed workmen to take part in the social war. Felix Piatt, Bergeret and other refugee members of the Commune took part in the discussion.

LONDON, Sept. 6.—A terrible explosion occurred this morning in a coal mine near the town of Wigan, Lancashire. Some fifty persons who were in the mine at the time of the catastrophe, were cut off from communication with the outer world, and it is feared all have been suffocated by the foul air. A party have been sent down into the mine to ascertain the condition of the men who were buried alive and still in the mine and have, it is thought, perished. The neighborhood of the disaster is thronged with the relatives and acquaintances of the supposed victims. The scenes are of the most heart-rending description.

PARIS, Sept. 4.—To-day being the first anniversary of the downfall of the empire and the proclamation of the Republic, military precautions had been taken against dangerous demonstrations, but the day passed quietly. No disturbances are apprehended anywhere.

The disarmament of the National Guards in the cities of Southern France will begin on the 15th inst. Troops have been concentrated at points in the South in such a manner as to secure prompt obedience to the law. As soon as the disarmament is complete, the state of seige will be raised.

A Paris correspondent of the Times, writing under date of the 22d ult., concerning the abolition of the National Guard throughout France, says the news was received that at Lyons, Marseilles and other large towns the National Guard would keep their arms and not be dissolved, as that body would resist even to the bitter end, and defy the regular troops rather than give up their arms.

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BERLIN, Sept. 5.—The Emperor William, after his interview at Salzburg with the Emperor Francis Joseph, will go to Munich, where he is expected to arrive on Friday or Saturday of the present week.

A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Berlin, August 17, states that negotiations for the evacuation of France by the Germans were coupled with the question of admitting German manufactures to France free of duty after September first, at which date it was agreed the arrangement for passing such goods duty free, expired. The French were offered a speedier withdrawal of troops if these privileges to the Germans were continued, but they are now in a condition to demand evacuation as a right under the treaty at Frankfort.

ROME, Sept. 5.—The anniversary of the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops will be celebrated this year by the passage of the National Guards through the streets, theatrical entertainments, &c.

The journals say Thiers and the Chevalier Nigra, Italian Minister, have had an angry discussion over the participation of Italy in the Geneva Conference.

The news from Europe states that such was the devastation along the border between France and Germany, in the late war, that nearly one-half the population have been compelled to emigrate.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Still Onward and Upward.

The extraordinary increase that has taken place in the sale of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters during the past year, is another proof that an intelligent people, although they may try all things, hold fast only to that which is good. No amount of puffery can lift inferior articles to the position of standard specific. To use the words of Tom Paine, they may go up like a rocket, but are sure to come down ignominiously like its extinguished stick. Hundreds of such nostrums have gone up and come down since the introduction of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, nearly the fifth of a century ago. Yet it still remains the supreme topic of the age. It has not, and never has had a rival in efficacy or popularity, and now stands at the head of all proprietary remedies manufactured on this side of the Atlantic. In every civilized community on this continent, or in South America, it is the accepted remedy for dyspepsia, bilious complaints, constipation, general debility, nervous weakness, and many other unpleasant or dangerous maladies. A medicine so widely extended is of course pirated and imitated by dealers without conscience or integrity.

Therefore, let every man and woman who designs to purchase the genuine Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, see to it that they have what they pay for, and not the results of an infamous imposture. Look carefully at label, stamp, and name blown in the glass and do not forget that the true bitters is sold in bottles only.

sep14deod1w&wlt

Cristadoro's Fluid Hair Dye

Is a preparation which removes all doubts from the mind in an instant. The sceptic may see the color of his own hair changed before his own eyes to a rich brown or black in a few minutes.

Sold everywhere. Manufactory 68 Maiden Lane, New York. sept 14-weowly

No Pay Until Cured!

Of Private or any form of disease, at the Old-Established Western Medical Institute, 187 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Young men restored to manly vigor by our sure and only known remedy. Ladies in need of Medical aid or advice are assured speedy relief from any affliction. Send stamp for confidential circular on private matters. may25w1y-69(2)

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This superb Hair Dye is the Best in the World. Perfectly Harmless, Reliable and Instantaneous. No disappointment. No Ridiculous Tints, or Unpleasant Odor. The genuine W. A. Batchelor's Hair Dye produces IMMEDIATELY a splendid Black or Natural Brown. Does not Stain the Skin, but leaves the Hair Clean, Soft and Beautiful. The only Safe and Perfect Dye. Sold by all Druggists. Factory 16 Bond Street, New York. jan28wly-64

MEDIKONES.—Important to sufferers from Nervous Debility; the result of early indiscretions, &c. A new and easy method of cure SENT FREE. Address Drs. Wells & Stell, No. 101 West Forty-second sreet New York City. jun15w18t-362

THE ONLY RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION IN THE COUNTRY.

$35,000 IN VALUABLE PRIZES!

TO BE DISTRIBUTED OCTOBER 16th, 1871.

Capital Prize $3,000 in American Gold!

Whole number Gifts, 4,000. Tickets Limited to 35,000.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL TICKETS, TO WHOM LIBERAL PREMIUMS WILL BE PAID.

Single Tickets $1; Six Tickets $5; Twelve Tickets $10; Twenty-five Tickets $20

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to

OFFICE, L. D. SINE, Box 86,
101 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

sept7w4w(L)

Ladies having Birds use the Excelsior Patent Waterproof Cage Mat.

For the bottoms of Bird Cages. Keeps cages clean and free from vermine. 8 pkgs to any address, $1 00 (12 Mats in each pkg.) Send inside measurement of cage. Agents wanted—send stamp for circular. Sold by all Druggists and House Furnishers.

SCHENCK & CO., 189½ Pearl St., N. Y.

Important to Ladies.

USE THE EXCELSIOR PATENT WATERPROOF BIRD CAGE MAT. Prize orders for Mat cages duly packed in them. They keep the cage clean and free from vermin. Improves the health and song of your birds—5 packages to any address $1 00, single packages 25 cents (twelve mats in a package) state inside cage measurement. Agents wanted—send for circular. Sold by druggists, house furnishers and bird and cage stores. SCHENCK & CO., 189½ Pearl St., N. Y. aug24w13t-35

FARM FOR SALE.—A fine farm of 160 acres, within one mile of Forrest, Livingston Co., Ill., on the T. P. & W. R. R., giving a direct market with Chicago and the East. This farm is well improved, three houses, good barn, 200 bearing apple trees, three acres of hedge fence, 50,000 feet of lumber in fence, 100 acres tame grass. To acres in pasture fenced. Well stream, if desired, in 240 and 120 acre lots, both well watered. For further particulars address or inquire of ROBT. ELMORE, Forrest, Livingston Co., Ill. sept7w4

OUT-DOOR WORK.—Obtaining subscriptions to *The Home* is a pleasant and remunerative summer occupation. The work itself ensures a respectful reception, and it is only intrusted to educated and respectable persons to canvass. Send 25 cents for a sample copy, and full information to JAMES SUTTON & CO., Publishers, 34 Liberty Street, N. Y. sept5-w4t (L)

WANTED—Reliable men of good habits, who can furnish satisfactory references and give security for property entrusted to them, can obtain permanent and profitable employment either on salary or commission. Parties now, or any one who will find their own horse and harness, will find this to their advantage. Apply at the Singer Sewing Machine Rooms, 40 and 42 Madison street, Toledo. sept7w4w (L)

Whitney's Neats Foot Harness Soap.

STEAM REFINED.

It Oils, Blacks, Polishes and Soaps at the same time. For sale by Harness-makers, Grocers, and Druggists everywhere. Manufactured by G. F. WHITNEY & CO., Lexington, Mass. sept7w4w

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SAWS! SAWS! SAWS!

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

Saws, Files, Cast Steel, Mill Furnishing, and Machinery.

Get the best, they will prove the cheapest. Send for price list and circulars.

WELCH & GRIFFITHS'
Boston, Mass., or Detroit, Mich.

Sewing Machine Needles.

NEEDLES for all Sewing Machines sent by mail post paid. All Needles 50c.; 6 for $2; 1 gross, name of Machine with each, to C. D. MIDDLETON, Lyons, Indiana. sept7w4w-L

Great Medical Book & Secrets for Ladies & Gents, sent for Postage Stamps. Address Dr. Bonaparte & Co., Cincinnati, O.

$10 A WEEK (or whatever spare. New inventions. Novelties, &c. Address C. W. SMITH, New Haven, Conn. sept7w4w-L

WATCH FREE. $20 this day sent. No agents to obtain. Address, with stamp, LATTA & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. sept7w4

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The Publishers of the BLADE and the AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL have made arrangements with Seth T. Wood, Esq., Proprietor of WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, whereby these Favorite Periodicals are clubbed as follows:

THE WEEKLY BLADE, $2.00 and WOOD'S Household Magazine, $1.00

Both For $2!

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There has never before been so liberal a proposition made to the reading public. The Magazine is a good healthy Monthly. Such men as Greeley and Parton write for it.

Everybody knows the BLADE and FARM JOURNAL.

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MILLER, LOCK & CO.,
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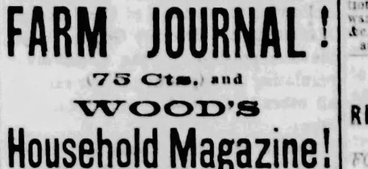
Hall's Patent Husking Gloves!



HALF GLOVES. FULL GLOVES.

The very best thing ever invented for husking corn. They give universal satisfaction in use. A man can husk from ½ to ¾ faster with them. They absolutely prevent sore hands and cold fingers. The half gloves cover the parts of hands which become sore. Price $1.50. The full gloves are made in the best manner of *tanned buckskin*. Price $2.50. Both styles have claws attached and made of three sizes—large, medium and small, for both right and left handed persons. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. A liberal discount to dealers. Address HALL HUSKING GLOVE CO., 90 SOUTH WATER STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. sept7 w5 s 6 8 (L)

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NOTICE that the following letter from Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX was written 17 years ago. Through all the intervening time we have testimonials of the excellence of the Pill. They contain no quinine, no mercury, no arsenic, and are a certain cure:

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"I am compelled to acknowledge that your Fever and Ague Pills have effected some decided cures. Last year you sent me a number of boxes, assuring me that my immobility would be overcome if we tried them. And we can testify that, in seven obstinate cases in which they have been tried, they have proved an infallible cure, and have not failed in a single instance. What better still, the disease does not return, but the system is left in a robust and healthy state.

If you can not procure them at home, enclose one dollar to FRASER & LEE, 20 Beekman St., New York, and a box will be mailed, post paid.

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Was Awarded the First Premium at the New York State Fair, 1870.

It is superior to the best Wheel Cultivator. The depth is regulated perfectly without the use of wheels.

The Draft is reduced nearly one-half.

It may be drawn close to a tree or plant, without injuring it.

It levers and fits the earth for the Mowing Machine better than any Cultivator in use.

Not only as a Cultivator does it excel, but by a proper arrangement of the teeth *it is a perfect Potato Digger.*

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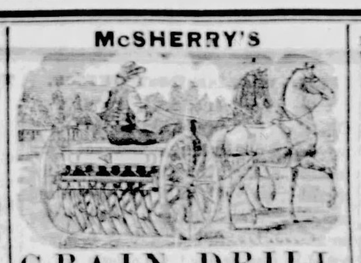

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Perfect in construction and finish. Has the genuine Force Feed. Never chokes or clogs. Does not break grain. Always sows evenly. Is easily and quickly changed from Double to Single rank. Is the simplest and most easily regulated Drill made. Is evenly balanced, and of light draft. Made of different sizes. Always gives satisfaction.

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PRICE OF LAND—$1 to $8 per acre credit on ten years' time.

TERMS OF SALE—One-tenth down at the time of purchase. No payment the second year. One-tenth every year after until completion of payments, with annual interest.

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GUFFROY'S COD LIVER DRAGEES.

SUGAR-COATED PILLS OF COD LIVER EXTRACT.

A perfect substitute for Cod Liver Oil—more efficacious, more economical, and free from all its disagreeable qualities. Highly recommended by many eminent Physicians who have tried them for Consumption, Debility, Costiveness, Scrofula, &c., &c.

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MESSRS. WARD, SOUTHERLAND & CO. GENTS—Please send at once to Rev. Samuel Newell, D.D., Paris, Ill., two boxes of your excellent Cod Liver Dragees. They are the best thing in the shape of medicine my father has ever used. Yours truly,

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A bottle of 60 Dragees, equal to 1 pint Cod Liver Oil, $1. A bottle of 120 Dragees, equal to 2 pints Cod Liver Oil, $1.75. A bottle of 240 Dragees, equal to 4 pints Cod Liver Oil, $3. A bottle of 360 Dragees, equal to 6 pints Cod Liver Oil, $5.

Obtainable of Druggists generally, and of the Wholesale Agents for the United States.

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Is, without doubt, the best article in the market, for bluing clothes. It will color more water than four times the same weight of Indigo, and much more than any other wash blue in the market. The only genuine is that put up at Alfred Wiltberger's Drug Store, No. 253 North Second street, Philadelphia, Pa. The labels have both Wiltberger's and Barlow's name on them, all others are counterfeit. For sale by most Grocers and Druggists. jan19w6mo(L)

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Manhood restored. This is the only Medical Institute in the United States where young or middle-aged men have been and can be restored to sexual vigor by the only known and sure remedy. Advice free and confidential in all matters of a private or delicate nature. Recent cases of a private nature cured in a few days. Send two stamps for private circular of advice. Medical Museum free to patients, exhibiting cases cured at this Institute. jan19w6mo(L)

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Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient

is the Quickest, Surest and most Delicate Preparation yet discovered for the relief and cure of Sick Headache, Biliousness, Nervousness, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Constipation, Piles, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Nausea, Vomiting, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Impurities of the Blood, Scurvy, Eruptions of the Skin, Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworm, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurvy, Discoloration of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug out of the system in a short time by the use of these remedies. One bottle will convince the most incredulous of their curative properties. Prepared from vegetable ingredients, containing no mineral poisons whatever, they may be taken by the most delicate female or infant with perfect safety, and the only directions required to be observed are contained in the pamphlet around each bottle. Explicit directions for children of all ages, from infancy upwards, are given in the pamphlet around each bottle. Explicit directions for children of all ages, from infancy upwards, are given in the pamphlet around each bottle. Explicit directions for children of all ages, from infancy upwards, are given in the pamphlet around each bottle.

Be Cautious. Accept none other.

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ALL about ALDERNEY COWS.—How to raise them and select them. Given by the great POWERS of England. Mailed for 25c. Address J. M. STODDART & CO., Utica, N. Y. sept7w4w(L)

AVOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau street, N. Y. sept7w4w(L)

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DR. J. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS.

Millions bear testimony to the wonderful curative effects. They are a pleasant fancy drink made of roots, free from all alcoholic stimulants. They are the purest and best medicine ever made, the great blood purifier and life giving principle, a perfect Renovator of the system. No person can take these Bitters according to directions and remain long unwell, as they will restore health to the most delicate invalid, unless their bones are destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair. They are a Gentle Purgative and Tonic, FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION,

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are soon cured by the use of these Bitters.

FOR SKIN DISEASES,

Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurvy, Discoloration of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One

Weekly Toledo Blade

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO THURSDAY, SEP. 14, 1871.

Terms of Subscription.

THE WEEKLY BLADE

Published every Thursday and sent to subscribers by mail at the following rates:

One Copy, one year	$2 00
" " six months	1 00
" " three months	50
Clubs of five	$1 75 each.
" ten or more	1 50 "

With an extra copy to every person sending a club.

ON TRIAL.—In order to introduce the BLADE where it is not now known, we will send it ON TRIAL, in clubs of five or more, three months, for fifty cents each, and an extra copy to the person sending the club.

HOW TO REMIT.—Please send money in Draft on NEW YORK, BOSTON, TOLEDO, or by POST OFFICE ORDER, *at our Risk; otherwise at risk of sender.*

WE CANNOT ASSUME THE RISK ON MONEY SENT IN REGISTERED LETTERS OR OPEN MAIL.

CHECKS ON COUNTRY BANKS *cannot be used at par. We will invariably deduct cost of collecting same.*

Rates of Advertising

IN THE

WEEKLY BLADE

Ordinary advertisements (Nonpariel solid) 50 cents per line, each insertion.

Special Notices (Nonpariel headed) 70 cents per line, each insertion.

Editorial or Business Notices, (Minion leaded,) 80 cents per line, each insertion.

Twelve lines Nonpariel solid make one inch.

The average number of words (Nonpariel solid) in an inch is 90; 22 inches make a column.

Double column advertisements and cuts 33⅓ per cent additional.

No advertisement inserted for less than $1.

Objectionable advertisements not accepted.

The Blade for the Campaign of 1871.

Elsewhere will be found the announcement of the publishers of the BLADE for the campaign of 1871, to which we call the attention of all good Republicans in the States holding elections this fall.

The struggle this fall will, in its results, be the most important of any for years. The Democracy have not yielded one jot of their designs—they have not abated one particle of their hatred of the distinctive principles of Republicanism. They are as determined as ever to nullify and make void the amendments, and to undo all that the Republican party has done for the advancement of the country. They hope by carrying the elections this fall to make it easy to carry the Presidential election in 1872, and thereby to gain control of the Executive power of the Government and at least one branch of the Legislative.

We ask our Republican friends to place the BLADE in the hands of every Republican. A little enthusiasm in the conduct of the campaign means victory, decisive and sweeping.—To produce this—to get out our full vote—will be our aim. The BLADE has always wielded an enormous power. Realizing and appreciating the magnitude of the interests involved in the struggle this fall we shall make it more effective than ever.

Republicans! Now is the time to begin! Raise a club for the Blade at every postoffice! Flood the country with it.

THE REPUBLICAN VICTORY IN CALIFORNIA.

California has been gloriously redeemed from the clutches of the Democracy. The victory of the Republicans is greater and grander than we had dared to look for. The majority for the State ticket will not fall below 6,000. Two Republican Congressmen are elected, COUGHLEN in the Third, and SARGEANT in the Second district, and at last advices the election of the Republican candidate in the First district was considered quite probable. But, better still, the prospect is that the Legislature will be decidedly Republican. This secures a United States Senator in place of COLE.

The elections so far are fatal to the hopes which the Democracy have been indulging of a reaction against the party in charge of the Federal Government. There is no such reaction, nor is there any reason or occasion for its occurrence. The Administration has the confidence of the great majority of the American people. Even Kentucky finds it difficult to put up with Democracy, and largely swells its Republican vote. California votes a want of confidence in the party which has ruled her for years. The Republicans of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and the other States which have yet to elect officers have great encouragement to stimulate their exertions in this campaign.

☞ Judge TROY, of Kings county, New York, Court of Quarter Sessions, charged the grand jury of that Court, the other day, in regard to the importance of bringing to justice those guilty of aiding or abetting in the crime of abortion. We give a paragraph from his charge, as follows:

"Now, gentlemen, it is time that the abortionist, the worst enemy of his race, should understand the risk he runs. It is proper that it should be known that he has not only the statutes upon this subject to dread, but when those statutes fall there is another law to reach him when death comes which can be as readily invoked in this city and punished with equal severity. The lawyer who undertakes a case of a client cannot abandon it on the trial, and leave his client helpless, because he has not been paid. The physician who undertakes the case of a patient cannot, after that patient has become helpless and prostrate, and in imminent danger, desert his charge because he has not received his fee; if he does, and death results thereby, he is guilty of manslaughter. The persons who have undertaken the care of sick and helpless women, to the exclusion of all others, must not abandon her when their services are most needed to save her life, or subject her to cruelty instead of care; if they do, and death ensues, they are guilty of manslaughter, unless they intended to kill her, in which case it would be murder. You will see, gentlemen, that no injustice is done, but I present, or refuse to present, according as the evidence warrants."

The Balance is the name of a paper just started, hoping to make its weigh in the world.

THE ENGLISH POST OFFICE.

For many years the British Post Office has been conducted on the principle that it was for the convenience of the masses, and not for the benefit of the wealthy few. To this end the postage fees were reduced to the lowest possible point. When this plan was first proposed it was scouted as utterly insane and impracticable by every old fogy in England. But cheap postage has not only increased the domestic comfort and general intelligence of the people, but also the postal revenues. The cheap postage system has demonstrated how to make the post office a paying institution. A recent report from the Postmaster General shows the following figures: The postcards circulating through the postoffices during one week numbered about 1,608,000—1,374,000 in England, 167,000 in Scotland, and 127,000 in Ireland. During the quarter ending December 31st, the newspapers circulating through the post are estimated to have been 22,000,000, as against 20,000,000 in the corresponding quarter of 1869. There were 862,722,000 letters delivered last year, 108,608,000 newspapers, book and pattern packets; money orders issued to the amount of £16,993,987, and £15,099,104 deposited in the Postoffice Savings Banks by 1,183,152 depositors. The number of registered letters passing through the post rose from 2,727,763 in 1869 to 3,005,994 in 1870, and of these the number lost was twelve altogether.

There was also an increase in the number of valentines. The total number passing through the London offices is estimated to have risen from 1,448,841 in 1869 to 1,545,755 in 1870, and the number posted in London 1,241,864 to 1,306,201.

In London alone during the past year about 10,565,000 yards of string were used for tying up the letters for the country, and about 17,637 pounds of sealing wax for securing the bags in which the letters were contained, the bags in use being 700,000 in number. In England and Wales the quantity of ink supplied for impressing postmarks on letters and for obliterating postage stamps was about four tons, and the number of forms employed, exclusive of anything in the nature of a book, amounted to 20,692,800.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD LANDS.

We invite the attention of all persons disposed to find homes in the great west to the advertisement of the Union Pacific Railroad lands which will be found in another column. This road will always be one of the great highways of the world's commerce, and settlers along its line will have a sure prospect of their lands always appreciating in value. The lands of this road in Nebraska are of excellent quality, the climate is healthy, fruit can be profitably raised, and social, educational and market facilities will be in this new land almost equal to those of the most favored sections of the older states. Immigrants and colonists, settling along the line of a great railroad know almost nothing of the privations of the pioneers of other days. The railway wants its lands settled rapidly to bring business to the road, and hence offers very favorable terms to settlers. For further particulars see advertisement.

☞ The cool but trenchant criticism by Harper's *Weekly* of the attack made by Gen. B. F. BUTLER on the character of Mr. F. B. SANDBORN, editor of the Springfield *Republican*, well illustrates how dangerous it is for Republicans of pro slavery antecedents to assail the adherents of the anti-slavery cause on charges of treachery or inconsistency. After reciting the relations of Mr. SANBORN both to JOHN BROWN, and the cause for which he suffered, and the part which Gen. BUTLER also took in traducing the hero of Harper's Ferry, Harper's *Weekly* goes on to say:

And now General Butler, who ten years ago denounced old John Brown as a traitor and murderer and felon, undertakes to win Republican votes in Massachusetts by slandering one of the earliest and truest and most unswerving of the old man's friends; and he does it because he is unable to reply to the arguments which that friend urges why the great mass of Massachusetts men, who ten years ago did not think John Brown a scoundrel, should not now vote into John A. Andrew's seat a man who did. General Butler says that if he can have his way, and be elected Governor of Massachusetts, he will put Mr. Sanborn off the Board of Charities. If General Butler could have had his way, Robert Toombs would have called his slave-roll upon Bunker Hill; and had he done so, the General should have been the first to answer.

General Butler must remember—nor should Massachusetts forget—that he was a full grown man when he did all that one man could do to put the State of Massachusetts, which he now aspires to govern, under the heel of the slave power. We have steadily acknowledged his service in the war, but except for men like him, there would have been no war. It was by the aid of Northern dough-faces that the slave power ruled the country, and it was because of them that it believed it could destroy the government. If there was any man in New England who ought to have gone to the war and to have served faithfully to undo the mischief of a life, General Butler was the man. Republicans will let by-gones be by-gones. But when an old agent of James M. Mason and Jefferson Davis to crush the Northern conscience strives to carry Massachusetts by maligning men who bravely fought to the end a longer and more terrible battle for liberty and America than ever General Butler saw in the field, it is time for Massachusetts Republicans to pause and consider.

☞ A question of considerable importance to ship builders is now undergoing examination in the Treasury Department at Washington. That question is whether vessels can be built in part in this country, and then carried abroad and finished, without becoming undocumented. It seems that the owners of sailing vessels, desiring to transform the same into steamers, find it much cheaper to have this work done abroad, owing to the high price of labor here; and, from the same cause, contractors who build the hulls of ships have desire to fit them up elsewhere. Those officials who have given this matter some attention do not think our navigation laws, as they at present stand, will bear that strict construction which would undocument vessels for taking this course. The whole matter, however, has been referred to Secretary BOUTWELL, and it is intimated that he will decide that such vessels forfeit their registry.

Among other English notables about to visit this country is the Bishop of Litchfield. He is described as a sensible, unpretentious man, and quite a favorite with the Staffordshire miners and potters.

The Power of the President Over the Appointment—Opinion of the Attorney General.

It is well known that the Civil Service Commission appointed by the President, under a recent act of Congress, in their first consultations encountered what seemed to them a serious difficulty arising from the language of the Constitution prescribing the powers and duties of the President in regard to the appointments proposed to be regulated by the recommendations of the Commission. It was manifestly improper for the Commission to attempt prosecuting its labors until this point was settled by the decision of the proper officer of the government. It was therefore referred to the Attorney General, the legal adviser of the President, for an opinion as to the points on which the Commission felt limited or embarrassed.

The objection raised to a proposition pending before the Commission was "that the designation of a single person for appointment by a board not established by constitutional power, would virtually vest the appointment in a body unknown to the Constitution." The opinion of Attorney General ACKERMAN, published on yesterday, sustains this objection. Following the decision of Chief Justice MARSHALL the Attorney General holds that the provisions of the Constitution regulating the appointing power exclude all other methods of appointment. He says:

The Senate and House of Representatives are to choose their respective officers; the President with or without the consent of the Senate, the courts of law and the heads of departments, shall appoint all other officers. These words "choose" and "appoint," as used in the Constitution, are of the same signification. Confining my attention, for the sake of brevity, to the latter word, I ask, what does it mean? If to appoint is merely to do the formal act, that is, to authenticate a selection not made by the appointing power, then there is no constitutional objection to the designating of the officers by a competitive examination or any other mode of selection which Congress may prescribe or authorize; but if the appointment implies judgment and will, the officers must be selected according to the judgment and will of the persons or body in whom the appointing power is vested by the Constitution, and a mode of selection which gives no room for the exercise of that judgment and will, is inadmissible. If the President in appointing a Marshal, if the Senate in appointing its Secretary, if a court or the head of a department in appointing a clerk, must take the individual whom a civil service board adjudged to have proved the fittest by the test of competitive examination, and the will and judgment which determine that appointment is not the will and judgment of the President, of the Senate, of the Court, or of the head of a department, but is the will and judgment of the civil service board, then that board is virtually the appointing power. Viewing the appointing power conferred in the constitution as a substantial and not a nominal function merely, I cannot but believe that the judgment and will of the constitutional depository of that power should be exercised in every appointment. The power was lodged where it is, because the makers of the constitution, after careful consideration, thought that in no other depositories of it could the judgment and the will to make proper appointments so certainly be found, and they assigned it to the functionaries who were expected to have an adequate knowledge of men and of affairs, to have capacity for public business and to feel responsible to their consciences and to the opinion of good citizens. As a further security they placed the power in the hands of those who would have a particular interest in using it well. If a legislative body is ill-officered, its members cannot do their work with ease or advantage. Therefore each branch of Congress chooses its officers. Without efficient servitors, a court of law is impotent. Therefore Congress may vest these appointments in the courts. The first need of the head of a Department is a body of capable and trusty assistants. Therefore Congress may vest these appointments in the heads of Departments. In all cases not thus provided for, the appointment is with the President, whose success in his weighty charge depends on the competency of the appointees. Thus, the reasons for the constitutional provisions all forbid that any judgment and will but those of the constitutional appointing power should have legal operation in the matter of appointments. The most important civil appointments are made by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate. If Congress can compel the President to nominate a person selected by another, it can compel the Senate to advise and consent to that nomination. If the foremost man in the competition test, is entitled to the office, that test must be conclusive upon all whose action is required to place him in office, and in fact, the action of them is merely formal, except that of the judges in the test. But advice and consent imply an exercise of judgment and will. So does nomination, and so does appointment.—There is this difference: The judgment and will of the Senate can regard only the person proposed by the President, while there is no similar constitutional limitation upon his judgment and will.—But there is no right in Congress to constrain either to adopt the judgment and will of the other.

The Attorney General admits, however, that the appointing power may avail itself of the judgment of others as one means of information, for want of personal knowledge of candidates, and therefore there can be no constitutional objection to an examining board, provided it is understood to render no authoritative judgments, but only aiding the appointing power with proper information to guide its selections of men.

The Attorney General alludes to the fact that Congress has at various times authorized appointments independent of the President, courts of law, or heads of departments. But these have been, in the main, deputyships, in which the persons appointed were held responsible to others—whose functions are legally held to be those of other persons—whose office was substantially that of the principal. Yet he doubts the constitutionality of all such legislation. Congress has no constitutional power to lodge the appointment of inferior officers other than with the President, Courts of law, or heads of departments. A customs officer makes an appointment of a subordinate, which is approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, but this approbation is really the appointment.

The Attorney General holds that Congress may not assume to appoint officers itself, nor designate others to make such appointment other than the officers designated in the Constitution. He says:

The constitutional aspect of the matter is not changed by the suggestion that Congress might prescribe the precepts on which the examiners should judge, and might vary and apply them at pleasure. The objections would not be removed by interposing the formal action of the Constitutional appointing power. An enactment that the President shall appoint to a certain office the person adjudged by examiners to be the fittest, is not different in constitutional principle from an enactment that he shall appoint John Doe to that office. In neither case are his judgment and will called into exercise. The appointment is effected in one case by the judgment and will of examiners under authority from Congress; and in the other case by the judgment and will of Congress.

In the cases particularly propounded by the commission, if the President, authorized by act of Congress, should prescribe that the courts and heads of departments should always appoint the persons named by a civil service board, that board would virtually be the appointing power, and that act of Congress would be the foundation of its authority. That Congress cannot give that authority, I think is manifest.

It has been suggested that appointments now vested in the courts and in the heads of departments could be transferred by Congress to the President and that he could appoint according to the result of competitive test, testified to by an examining board. To this mode of selection, if discretionary with the President, there is no constitutional objection, and the same made under a similar condition could be used by the various appointing powers under the present laws, it being always understood that the appointing power resorts to this test as a way of finding out the fittest person for a vacant office, and is not bound to abide by it if satisfied that the appointment of another would best serve the public interests. In short, the test of a competitive examination may be resorted to in order to inform the conscience of the appointing power, but cannot be made legally conclusive upon that power, against its own judgment and will.

Ample scope, however, is left for the work of the Civil Service Commission in the way of fixing a proper standard of qualification to be observed voluntarily by the appointing power, in making appointments. As this portion of his opinion will doubtless be the basis on which the work of the Commission will be carried on, we quote it in full:

The other question proposed by the Commissioners is this: May the President under the act by which this Board is organized, regulate the exercise of the appointing power now vested in heads of departments or in the Courts of law, so as to restrict appointments to a class of persons whose qualifications for fitness shall have been determined by an examination instituted independent of the appointing power? My opinion is that he may. Though the appointing power alone can designate an individual for an office, either Congress by direct legislation, or the President by authority derived from Congress, can prescribe the qualifications and require that the designation shall be made out of a class of persons ascertained by proper tests to have these qualifications; and it is not necessary that the judges in the tests shall be chosen by the appointing power. Attorney General Legare has given an opinion upon a question similar in principle.—Discussing the question of appointments of inspectors of customs by the Treasurer, he considers it would be a fair constitutional exercise of the power of Congress, to require that the Secretary should make an appointment out of a certain number of nominees proposed by a Collector. 4 Opinions, 4. The act under which the present civil service commission has been organized, gives the President authority to prescribe such rules and regulations for the admission of persons into the civil service of the United States as will best promote the efficiency thereof, and this very ample authority will certainly embrace the right to require that the persons admitted into the service shall have been found qualified by competent examiners. It has been argued that a right in Congress to limit in the least the field of selection, implies a right to carry on the contracting process to the designation of a particular individual; but I do not think this is a fair conclusion. Congress would require that officers shall be of American citizenship, of a certain age, that judges should be of the legal profession, and still leave room to the appointing power for the exercise of its own judgment and will. I am not prepared to affirm that to go further and require that the selection shall be made from persons found by examining boards to be qualified in such particulars as allegiance, scholarship, integrity, good manners and attachment to the government, would impose an unconstitutional limitation on the appointing power. It would still have a reasonable scope for its own judgment and will. But it may be asked, at what point may the contracting process stop? I confess my inability to answer; but the difficulty of drawing a line between such limitations as are and such as are not allowed by the constitution, is no proof that both classes do not exist. In constitutional and legal inquiries, right or wrong is often a question of degree, yet it is impossible to tell precisely wherein the scale of right ceases and wrong begins. Questions of excessive bail, cruel punishments, excessive damages and reasonable doubts are familiar instances. In the matter now in question, it is not supposable that Congress or the President would require of candidates for office qualifications unattainable by a sufficient number to afford ample room for choice.

AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL.

Our aim in the management of the *American Farm Journal* is to furnish our readers with a thoroughly practical agricultural paper, literally crammed with information of practical value to those engaged in every branch of farm life. The best farmers, horticulturists and stock growers in the country write for it. Only 75 cents a year; the BLADE and *Farm Journal* both one year for $2 25. Address, MILLER, LOCKE & Co, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ The anti slavery movement in Brazil has the help of the Emperor and his Cabinet. The Emperor is absent, but his Ministers are carrying out his instructions and wishes in regard to his most righteous reform. Notwithstanding the opposition of the slaveholders the abolition movement will sooner or later be crowned with success. Brazil, though an empire, is as liberal in most of its institutions as the continually revolutionized Republics by which it is bordered.

☞ The Republicans of New Jersey have nominated CORNELIUS WALSH, of Trenton, for Governor. MR. WALSH has been a prominent and steadfast member of the Republican party since its organization, and is also largely and honorably identified with the manufacturing and industrial interests of his State. He is said to possess unusual executive ability, while even his bitterest opponents admit that he would administer the affairs of the Commonwealth with unfaltering integrity. Of his election there is no doubt, provided that the Republicans of the State roll up their sleeves for the struggle, and address themselves to work in manly earnest.

CENSUS RETURNS.

Col. HARRINGTON, Acting Superintendent of the Census, has furnished us with advance sheets of Census Table No. 2, showing the population of each State and Territory, by counties. As finally revised and published, the population is as follows:

Alabama	996,992	Missouri	1,721,295
Arizona	9,658	Montana	20,595
Arkansas	484,471	Nebraska	122 000
California	563,247	Nevada	42 491
Colorado	34 864	N. Hampshire	318 300
Connecticut	537,454	New Jersey	906,096
Dakota	14,181	New Mexico	91 874
Delaware	125 015	New York	4 382,719
Dist. Columbia	131,700	North Carolina	1 071 361
Florida	187 748	Ohio	2 665 200
Georgia	1,184 109	Oregon	90 923
Idaho	14 000	Pennsylvania	3 521,791
Illinois	2 539 891	Rhode Island	217,353
Indiana	1 600 037	South Carolina	705 606
Iowa	1,191,792	Tennessee	1 258 510
Kansas	364 399	Texas	818 579
Kentucky	1 321,011	Utah	86 786
Louisiana	726 915	Vermont	330,359
Maine	626 915	Virginia	1,225,165
Maryland	780 894	Washing'n Ter.	23 955
Massachusetts	1,457 351	West Virginia	442 014
Michigan	1 184,059	Wisconsin	1,054 670
Minnesota	439,706	Wyoming Ter.	9,118
Mississippi	827,422		

Population of States and Territories, 38,555,983.

The totals of populations of States and Territories are made up of the following classes:

STATES.	Whites.	Color'd.	Indian.	Chinese.
Alabama	521 284	475 510	98	....
Arizona	9,561	26	51	20
Arkansas	362,115	122,169	86	93
California	499 444	4 272	7,241	49,310
Colorado	39 221	456	180	7
Connecticut	527,619	9 668	235	22
Dakota	12 887	94	1,200	....
Delaware	102,221	22 794	....	....
Dist Columbia	83,278	43 401	15	3
Florida	90 057	91,6 8	2	....
Georgia	638,926	545,142	40	1
Idaho	10 618	60	47	4,274
Illinois	2,511,095	28,705	32	1
Indiana	1 655 387	24,560	240	....
Iowa	1,185 909	5,762	48	....
Kansas	346,377	17,108	914	....
Kentucky	1,098,692	222,210	168	1
Louisiana	362,065	364,210	569	71
Maine	624 809	1 606	499	1
Maryland	606 497	175 391	4	2
Massachusetts	1,444 156	13,947	151	97
Michigan	1,167 272	11 849	4,926	....
Minnesota	428 257	759	630	....
Mississippi	382 896	444 201	309	16
Missouri	1,063,146	113,071	75	3
Montana	18,305	183	157	1,949
Nebraska	122,1 7	789	87	....
Nevada	38 959	357	23	3,152
N Hampshire	317 697	1 580	23	....
New Jersey	875 407	30 658	76	15
New Mexico	90 393	172	1,309	....
New York	4,330 210	52 881	439	29
North Carolina	678,470	390 650	1,241	....
Ohio	2,665 946	63 213	100	1
Oregon	86 929	346	318	3,330
Pennsylvania	3,456,449	65 294	34	14
Rhode Island	212,219	4,980	154	....
South Carolina	289 667	514 814	124	1
Tennessee	956,119	322 331	70	....
Texas	564,700	253 475	379	25
Utah	86 044	118	119	445
Vermont	329 613	934	24	....
Virginia	712 089	512,841	229	....
Washington T	22, 95	207	1,319	284
W. Virginia	424 033	17,980	1	....
Wisconsin	1,051,351	2 113	1,206	....
Wyoming T.	8,725	183	66	143

ARE YOU GOING WEST?

If so the model colony offers you advantages you can get nowhere else. See advertisement.

CHANGE IN THE MANNER OF ELECTING THE POPE.

Republican ideas seem to be steadily gaining even upon the Church of Rome. Considerable disaffection exists because of the choice of a Pope exclusively devolving on the conclave of Cardinals. But such is the power of popular influences, aided by the recent misfortunes of the Papal See, that a measure is said to be now receiving the favorable consideration of the Pope, which, if adopted, will upset all the regulations consecrated by the tradition and practice of centuries in respect to the election of the successor of ST. PETER. This plan is nothing less than the election of the next Pope by universal suffrage, instead of by the vote of the College of Cardinals. He hopes, it is said, by such a step, which would be a return to the earliest ages of the Church in Rome, to counteract the revolutionary principle which now tends to diminish the prestige and authority of the papacy. The realization of the scheme would not be as difficult as may at first appear. On the vacancy of the Holy See being proclaimed, a register would be opened in every parish, and the faithful would be allowed to inscribe their votes on it for the space of one month. The office of the conclave would be to examine the votes and proclaim the result. The candidate would, of course, be authoritatively indicated for the suffrage of the faithful, who would only have to sanction a previously prepared formula, all Catholics, without distinction of age or sex, having a right to vote, and illiterate persons affixing their cross in lieu of their signature. Whether this plan will be really carried into effect or not time only will show, but it will be curious if in future the principle of Papal elections is founded on the motto of the Roman Republicans of 1849, "Dio e Popolo." A recognition of the principle of universal suffrage was indicated by the recent "black *plebiscite*" in Rome, when 27,000 signatures were collected in favor of the Pope; and it has also been asserted that His Holiness intends to submit to a universal *plebiscite* the necessity of temporal sovereignty for the Roman Pontiff.

☞ The Government is annually at great expense in supporting criminals sentenced by United States Courts in State Penitentiaries. An additional expense is also incurred in guarding parties under sentence of courts martial at forts and navy yards. It has been suggested to the Attorney General that in view of the large number of persons convicted from time to time under United States laws that a National Penitentiary should be erected for the purpose of confining all prisoners subject to the sentence of United States Courts and military and naval courts martial. All parties convicted in the District of Columbia of penal offences have to be transported to Albany, and an effort will be made next December to secure an appropriation for building a penitentiary at some suitable point, to be used exclusively for the purposes above mentioned.

☞ The New York *Times* predicts the utter overthrow of the guilty TWEED combination, as follows: "No friendly arm can save the TWEED faction now. They will try to survive a little longer, as drowning men catch at straws, but their hours are numbered. It will not be difficult to find honest and capable men ready to succeed them, and give us once more a properly ordered city, an upright rule, straightforward accounts, and taxation based upon a fair expenditure, not upon a gigantic system of plunder."

Charles H. Beard, a member of the last class of Yale College, died recently. He was an enthusiastic Yale man, and left in his will a bequest to the college of $2,500, to form a library of political economy and social ethics.

GOSSIP.

The Saratoga girls recently organized an Anti-Kissing Society, but 15 out of the 23 members were fined the first week.

Wm. A. Hale, of Rutland, Vt., becoming the subject of a blackmail which he could not meet, killed himself instead of the blackmailer.

Jules Simon, Minister of Public Instruction in France, is offending the conservatives by his visits of sympathy to the Communist prisoners.

It is said that Morrissey is about to compromise with his conscience by devoting his winnings on "Helmbold" to the building of a church at Saratoga.

It cost more to repair a few armories in New York, and to furnish them and the new Court house, than it did to build the original Erie Canal.

The Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association of London has erected, keeps in repair, and supplies with water, 114 fountains and 116 troughs.

Amadeus is inviting favor from the Spanish people by pardoning prisoners, visiting bull fights, and mingling with the populace on all festive occasions.

Madame Pauline Hendley, the equestrienne of Barnum's circus, was thrown from her carriage as the cortege entered Rome, N. Y., the other day, and was killed.

Saturday, the 16th inst., is to be a public holiday in Rhode Island, in honor of the dedication of a monument to the military and naval victims of the late civil war.

There is one good thing about the dominions of King Brigham. The territory, and every county and municipality in it, is absolutely free from debt.

A Kansas man, disgusted to see the "condensed cow juice" at his hotel putting on airs, directed the waiter to bring him some "bald-headed butter."

A tin mine has been found near Ogden, Utah. The discoverers are building a furnace at the mine, and will have the smelting process in operation in a few weeks.

Bismarck took dinner with the Emperor of Austria and his brilliant suite at Salzburg, the other day. Among the lesser luminaries present was the Emperor William.

A Chinaman who had his nose cut off during a little altercation in San Francisco, had it carefully packed and sent home to show his friends one of the American customs.

A Jersey City man, slightly intoxicated, went to the police station a few nights ago and asked to be locked up. He said he preferred that to going home and receiving a scolding from his wife.

The Juniata county jail, in Pennsylvania, has fallen into a state of dilapidation, from want of use. Recently a man was confined in it for some trifling offence, but he found his situation so lonesome that he made use of his curved forefinger as a key, unlocked the door and left the place in disgust.

A man who ran away from his wife in Pittsfield, Mass., with another woman, got tired of his new affinity after spending all his money, and wrote to his wife to send him funds to pay his way back. She didn't do it.

A remarkable mortality among fish has been reported this year at various points along the sea coast, and even in the interior, the creatures invariably coming to the surface apparently in great distress, and there dying; and so curious a circumstance so often repeated must be set down as one of the lesser marvels of the year of portents, 1871.

An Indiana man broke a chair over his wife's head a week or two ago. When he got to jail, and the clergyman undertook to talk with him, he displayed a good deal of penitence. He said he was very sorry that he permitted his anger to obtain the mastery of him to do such an act, because it was a good old-fashioned Windsor chair, an heir loom in his family, and he knew he never could replace it.

Edwin O. Sargent, Ellsworth, Me., has just returned there after an absence of eleven years, for the last seven of which he had not been heard from, and was supposed dead. He was wounded during the rebellion, in which he served in a Massachusetts regiment, as was supposed fatally, and his father has ever since been drawing a pension on the son's account. The son, however, recovered and sailed for Australia, where he has been living.

It is a self-evident proposition that the punishment for bigamy is inadequate. There are a great many men who would willingly serve three or five years in the State prison if by so doing they would get clear of a termagant wife. Something like the following would "fetch 'em," as Mark Twain says: "Be it enacted, &c., That from and after the passage of this act, any man marrying more than one woman at a time shall be compelled to live with and support all such women as his wives."

Like Mrs. Vallandigham, Mrs. A. J. Donelson has survived her husband but a few weeks. Mrs. Elizabeth A. Donelson, wife of the late Major Andrew Donelson, died on her plantation, in Bolivar county, Mississippi, on the 30th ult., after an illness of four days. In 1824 she was married to Lewis Randolph, of Virginia, a grandson of Thomas Jefferson, who died in about two years after. After about four years of widowhood, she became the wife of Andrew J. Donelson. She accompanied him in his travels, going with him to Berlin, when he was Minister to that place.

It has been settled at the Treasury Department that the new fifty dollar five per cent. bonds are to bear the effigy of Silas Wright; the hundreds, that of E. M. Stanton; the five hundreds, that of Thos. H. Benton; the thousands, that of William H. Harrison; the five thousands, that of Anson Burlingame; and the ten thousands, that of John A. Andrew. Which suggests that a new table should be added to our juvenile first books of arithmetic, running somewhat in this way: Political measure—2 Silas Wrights equal 1 Stanton; 5 Stantons 1 Benton; 2 Bentons 1 Harrison; 5 Harrisons 1 Burlingame, and 2 Burlingames or 100 Stantons 1 Andrew. Next!

The Canadian papers notice a very nice distinction which they seem to fear may be used against them in construing the Treaty of Washington. The wording of the instrument is that "all fish and fish oils" are to be admitted duty free into the United States; but as seals are not scientific fish, but belong to the air-breathing mammalia, they are apprehensive that the niceties of scientific classification may be applied to exclude this variety of oil.

A Democratic paper in Petersburg, Va., says: "If the flood had occurred in the time of Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, we verily believe that during the thirty ninth day's rain, he would have been seen astride the ridgepole of the Atlanta *Sun* office, holding a faded umbrella over his head, drawing up his diminutive legs to keep them out of the surrounding surges, and calmly inditing a ten column editorial to the people of the late Confederacy, to prove that the shower was null and void, and the flood a matter to be resisted at the ballot box."

The Pittsburgh *Post* nominates George B. McClellan for the Presidency. Some of the oldest inhabitants will remember that McClellan was at one time connected with the army.

There is joy for the juveniles in the news that the peanut crop at the South is abundant. Tennessee will furnish an enormous quantity—more than enough to balance any failure in Carolina.

Here is a hint that may be valuable, and will cost but little in the trial: Lemons will keep good for months if sliced when perfectly fresh, and packed in glass jars with a thick layer of white sugar between the slices.

It is expected in some quarters that there will soon be a material advance in prices of all kinds of lace goods. In spite of that, it is believed that capes, sacks, shawls, and flounces in lace will be more fashionable than ever.

The Omaha *Tribune* advises the people to reject the new Constitution of Nebraska. The machinery it creates, the *Tribune* says, is too cumbersome and costly for the needs of the present population, and some of the changes undesirable.

New Zealand ought to be a paradise for women. There is a difference of nearly fifty per cent. in the male and female population; and the colonial authorities offer free passage from England to the island for single young women of good character.

It is always safe to be polite to ladies. An incident of the late railroad smash-up near Boston proves it. A gentleman of that city gave up his seat in the last car of the Beverly train to a lady, and passed forward. The lady was killed and the gentleman was unhurt.

The Baltimore *American* says that many Maryland Democrats favor demanding from the Government pay for their emancipated slaves, as suggested by the Richmond *Whig*. To "demand" pay is as easy as to "call spirits from the vasty deep;" but neither money or spirits will come for the calling.

The New Orleans *Picayune* speaks less confidently of the reunion of the factions of the Republican party in that city, and says that the feud is just as bitter, and the leaders are just as implacable as ever—the leaders even seeming to prefer that a third party should carry off the prize than that the opposition faction should succeed.

High authority in fashionable matters says: "The braiding and embroidering mania has probably reached its height, and may henceforth be expected to decline." The taste for this sort of a thing was a barbarous one from the beginning, and has been carried to an extreme that could only gratify the uncultivated eye of a prairie Indianese.

The pastor of a church in Northfield, England, had occasion lately to tell his congregation that buttons, bad money, tobacco quids, and all superfluous trash that a man might have around his person, were not fit offerings to the Lord, and that in future the collection would be taken on open plates, that the contributions might be seen.

A Turk has appeared in New York with a wife whose strange luxuriant beauty has created a deep sensation. She has the eyes of a houri, almond-shaped, deep and dreamy, and brilliantly white teeth, that laugh as she laughs. The delicate white lace that covers her blue dress is held by little groups of real humming birds, perched on branches made of the brilliant wing-sheaths of the green beetle.

The people who have lived longest in modern times, are Peter Lorton, of Hungary, aged 185; Louisa Truxo, a negress, of South America, 176; John Rovin, of Hungary, 172; Sarah, his wife, 164; Henry Jenkins, of England, 169; Mrs. Judith Scott, of England, 162; Thomas Parr, of England, 152; Ivan de Outryel, of France, 146; the Countess of Desmond, of Ireland, 140; Alexander McCullock, of Scotland, 132; Peter Garden, Scotland, 131.

Every Italian officer's wife must have, in her own right, property yielding her two hundred lire (forty dollars) monthly. No officer is allowed to marry a dowerless girl. Of course there are many secret marriages. After Victor Emanuel's entry into Rome on the 3d of July, when the King pardoned all officers married secretly, there was a fine dinner given to several officers of the Bersaglierli corps, at which the hidden unacknowledged wives were brought out and presented to each other with great joy.

HOMES IN THE WEST.

See advertisement of the model colony in another column.

WHITNEY'S MUSICAL GUEST.—That favorite Musical Magazine, WHITNEY'S MUSICAL GUEST, commences its new volume in November. The GUEST is the best Musical paper published, and is worthy the attention of both the amateur and professional musician. More music is given in each number than the price of a year's subscription. The Guest is published monthly at $1.00 per annum, by Whitney, Toledo, Ohio. We have made arrangements by which we can send the Guest and the Blade to any address one year for $2.00, and the subscriber will get the November and December number of the Guest gratis. Send for a specimen copy.

The Cincinnati Mutual Life Insurance Company, by its careful and rapid accumulation of Assets, has placed itself in the front rank of companies, whether it be in Ohio or elsewhere. In ratio of assets to liabilities, in its ready compliance with the Auditor's order to value its policies at (4½ per cent.) Massachusetts standard, and in its steady growth, it has shown the public it is entitled to their confidence and support.

THE MANHATTAN SILENT FAMILY SEWING MACHINE is making new friends by the thousand every week. Wherever it is introduced it makes its way by its excellence. No machine made does better work, or runs with so little trouble and so much certainty. No body who has used one would part with it for any consideration. See advertisement elsewhere in this week's paper, and write to the nearest agency for full particulars concerning it.

BLOOM OF YOUTH
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION
AMERICAN LADIES,

A good complexion is one of the chief points of beauty, which all women have a natural and laudable desire to possess, and to aid in procuring or preserving the much-to-be-coveted, various preparations have been in use among the softer sex since the earliest times. The Greek origin of our English word cosmetic was applied to any preparation designed to improve the complexion, by rendering the skin soft, smooth and white. Among the Romans there was a class of slaves (cosmetæ) whose special duty it was to dress

Correspondence.

Wanderings in the West.

No. 20.

DEAR BLADE:—Having spent a good deal of time in Nebraska, and examined with as much care as possible its natural resources, I propose to devote most of this letter to the State generally, and the advantages it offers to persons seeking homes in the west. The State is very large—extending from the Missouri river westward to the base of the Rocky Mountains, over four hundred miles, and with an average width of nearly two hundred miles, giving a total area of about 76,000 square miles, or nearly fifty millions of acres. Of course, such an area as that must embrace land of all kinds—good, bad and indifferent, but I am glad to be able to say that the good largely predominates.

The valleys of the numerous streams are generally wide and very rich, the soil being a black, sandy loam peculiarly adapted to the raising of corn. Then, back of this come the table lands, not so rich, but good for grazing and growing the small grains; and after these another valley, and so on. There is very little waste land in the State. That which is not good for agriculture is splendid for grazing—stock subsisting and growing fat all the winter on the rich prairie grasses. Some of the bluffs over which I have rode and walked are sandy and poor, but there are comparatively few of them. On most of them the grazing is very fair. I remember on the top of one of the highest, riding through grass from one to two feet high. But we do not generally find it so tall as that on the bluffs. The prairies are nowhere flat, but always gently rolling, thus affording perfect drainage. There are but very few places where the water will stand for any length of time, even in the wettest seasons. I have not seen in the entire State a single swamp or marsh, and the malarious diseases usually so prevalent in the vicinity of these are very rare.

The air is dry, pure, exhilarating and healthful. You cannot breathe it many days without feeling perceptibly its invigorating influence. There is not much snow and rarely any rain in the winter, and the snow that does fall is so light and dry that the winds soon carry it away into drifts, leaving the winter grasses and self-made hay easily accessible for all kinds of stock. The climate seems peculiarly adapted to the wants of the farmer and stock grower, for in the winter when rain is not needed for the crops and would be injurious to stock, it rarely rains, and the snows are light and dry. In the spring the rains commence falling and there is generally enough for all the needs of the growing crops during the spring and summer. The average annual rain fall is a fraction over 30 inches, of which more than two-thirds fall during the agricultural months, commencing in March and ending in October, having only about an inch and two thirds per month (which includes snow reduced to rain), for the remaining six months. Now, in Ohio, our rain fall is a fraction over forty inches, of which we generally get but little more than half during the above-named six months. And the same is the case in nearly all the other Eastern States. Another consequence of this arrangement is that the roads are nearly always good. There is but little good sleighing. There is not often snow enough, and when there is it is too light and dry. But the roads during the entire winter are as dry and smooth as a turnpike.

I have taken a good deal of pains to inquire of the old settlers whether the rain fall is increasing as the country is brought under cultivation, and they nearly all agree that it is. And this strengthens my conviction that agriculture will steadily push its way westward until for three hundred and fifty miles west of Omaha there will be rich and prosperous agricultural communities. As I have said before I would no advise any one to go that far out now, because it is not necessary, any more than it is to go down into the Colorado plains, say, for instance, about where the famous town of Greeley stands, and try to farm it there. Take the best lands first, and if it be true, as most of these old settlers assert, that the rains increase with the increased area brought under cultivation, that which may not now be suitable for cultivation will be so as soon as it is needed for that purpose.

I have said something in previous letters about the profits of sheep raising on the plains of Nebraska and Wyoming, west of what may be regarded as the agricultural limits, and have another item for the information of those engaged in that business or who think of going into it. It is this: the cost per head of keeping sheep out there is only from twenty-five to forty cents per year. Some men put it even as low as twenty cents, but that was where the sheep run with cattle, and I presume the herding of the whole must have been charged to the account of the cattle. With this basis to figure from any one can make a calculation as to the profits of the business.

And in this connection I may as well give another item which will be of interest to thousands who are looking westward for homes, and want to know what they can do there. I met in Omaha recently Mr. Fred. Schroeder, an intelligent German farmer who resides about ten miles from the city. On the 13th of march, 1871, Mr. S. bought of the Union Pacific Railroad one hundred and twenty acres of land in Douglas county, ten miles from Omaha, at ten dollars per acre, one fifth down, balance in four equal annual payments. He broke the whole of this tract with one team in forty-eight days. He put thirty-five acres of this in barley, which produced nine hundred bushels, that on the day I met him (Aug. 18th) he had just sold for sixty cents a bushel, making $540. Twenty five acres of the balance he has in corn which will average forty bushels per acre, making one thousand bushels, which at forty cents is $400, making a total of $940 for his first or sod crop. The other sixty acres he did not get broken in time to put a crop in it this year, but the sod will be thoroughly rotted and in fine mellow condition for a crop of any kind next year. Mr. Schroeder was so well pleased with his success that he has just bought of the Railroad Company a forty-acre tract adjoining the first, which he expects to bring into cultivation next year. This I know is considerably above the average for sod crops, and yet I have seen many fields during the summer that promised to produce as well as this. Mr. Schroeder evidently knows how to farm. His having broken a hundred and twenty acres of prairie sod in forty-eight days shows that he wastes no time, and if he has health I see nothing to prevent him from being a rich and independent farmer in a very few years. And I hope he may. There are other farms here—thousands of them—as rich as Mr. SCHROEDER'S, only waiting for somebody to put the plow into them to yield the same rich return. Of course I do not say that everybody will do as well as that. Everybody will not farm as well as Mr. S., and every season will not be as favorable as this has been, still the chances are so largely in favor of success that the man who has no home in the east, and no immediate prospect of getting one, can well afford to take all the risk there is.

I met the other day a young man who took a homestead about four years ago out in Dodge county, whose experience has not been quite so favorable as that of Mr. SCHROEDER. He commenced with but very little capital. He had a team, but the first year one of his horses died, which was a serious drawback to his farming operations. Before he could get another the season for breaking prairie sod was over, and of course he was thereby thrown back a year, as he had but ten acres broken when he lost his horse. He raised what he could on that, and worked for others when he could get work, which was not all the time by a good deal, as the country around him was but thinly settled.

"I have often," he said, "walked four miles in the morning, done a full day's work and then walked back home again at night."

He had some sickness in his family, also, to add to his discouragements, but he worked along as best he could, gaining a little year by year, until when I saw him he was, to use his own expression, "beginning to feel nearly out of the woods."

Now, had this man become discouraged when his misfortunes commenced, and gone back to his old home in the east, he would probably be working for somebody as a farm laborer with scarcely the possibility of ever having a home of his own. Next year he will get his patent from the government for his hundred and sixty acres, and his luck will have to be hard indeed if in two or three years he don't have a well-improved farm and be in comfortable circumstances—Was it not better that he should fight it out on that line, although the battle was a hard one, than to have given up and lost his home?

The Union Pacific Railroad has been of incalculable benefit to Nebraska and must always continue to be. A great thoroughfare—the highway of nations—it brings the State and its resources prominently to the notice of people of all parts of the civilized world, and besides the development of the country through which it runs it opens up to the people and gives them the choice of markets in which to buy as well as sell in both the East and the West. Running through such vast stretches of unsettled country it was hardly to be expected that the Road would for years pay anything more than its running expenses, if that. Still I am of those who believe that it was sound policy to build the Road even if there had been no prospect that it would pay a fair dividend on its cost for twenty years. It was such a national necessity that it would have been economy for the nation to have paid the entire cost of its construction and to have given it outright to a responsible company that would have built it there had been no easier or cheaper way of bridging the vast gap between the two settled sides of the continent.

But the Union Pacific must in a few years take its place among the best paying Roads in the country. Look at the more than three hundred miles of splendid agricultural country along its eastern end; then at the immense grazing fields for hundreds of miles more; then at the enormous mineral wealth of the mountain region the development of which has as yet scarcely commenced; then add to this the heavy through business it must always command, and you have some idea of the future business of the Road.

The present management of the Road is something worthy the attention of Railroad men everywhere. Systematic and yet enlightened economy rules in every department. There are no useless employees drawing fat salaries and doing nothing else. Every man has his business and attends to it in a business-like way. Look at this showing for example: while the track, cars, machinery, depots and other buildings of the company have been maintained in thorough good order, there has been a reduction in the expense account of the first six months of the current year from that of the same time last year, of over one million of dollars! There is business for you! How strong the contrast between such management and that of some of the other great Roads of the country.

A. P. M.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6, 1871.

The first days of September show signs of an awakening for the Capital. "Coming events cast their shadows before;" and the shadows may be expected to deepen as the session progresses. The gathering together of the absentees; the approach of the long session of Congress; the pilgrims that throng hither for business or pleasure or official favors, begin a commotion in September that "grows by what it feeds on." So, already the hotel doors are swinging wide, the streets begin to be illuminated with new faces children crowd the sidewalks on their way to school, the auction corners are alive, there is a movement in furniture, and an air of briskness again pervades the city.

Some of this new life is owing to the return of the summer wanderers; then members and others drop in to make their arrangements for the winter, thinking that "it is the early bird that catches the worm," that the first comer gets the best choice. Some who have business with the heads of departments seize on this time as the best to get their attention, and so come to Washington and patiently await their arrival.

Every thing betokens a brisk, gay season. Washington grows rapidly, and Senators and Members more and more fix themselves here with their families, and keep house. Since the adjournment several have built elegant houses, and as this is to be the long session the empty or partially occupied dwellings will all be filled with wives, and daughters, and friends, giving assurance of gaiety and life. The public houses already have a number of loiterers about their doors, and these will henceforth increase from day to day. When the season fairly begins cards are showered on the fashionable circles, carriages are everywhere in demand, and calls, receptions, parties, etc., are the order of the day.

Secretary Delano has remained at his post of duty since the late Cabinet meeting, but will return shortly for his family. In the State Department the clerks are busily engaged in assorting and preparing for the Switzerland Convention the Alabama claims. In the Treasury Department the different Bureaus are closing up their records and getting their accounts well in hand for the use of the Secretary in his annual report; and in all the department there is a sound of approaching urgency which must put a speedy end to pleasuring.

My estimate of Mr. Colfax appears to have been correct. He is now in the boat with Carl Schurz or Horace Greeley, but is straight-out for Grant, and not in the ring of aspirants.

The air is thick with notes of preparation for the elections, and the question of the Presidency thrusts itself in however much individuals may seek to delay it. I notice that Gov. Dennison, like Mr. Colfax, is out-spoken for Grant, and that every reference to him was hailed with applause. The same feeling seems to prevail everywhere, and it may be put down as settled that the Republican party will neither be embarrassed about a platform or a candidate to stand upon it.

The Democrats are less fortunate. Tammany and the Catholics have disposed of Hoffman. Hendricks and Thurman and Pendleton and Hancock, are in the field, but neither of them will command the party strength. The fact is that the "new departure" is a bone of contention which must enter largely into the Presidential question, and proves very trouble some, which clever lion of the dilemma is taken. The Savannah organ says that Hancock is the decided choice of the South, and wants either Thurman or Hendricks to be coupled with him for the Vice Presidency. What would Ohio think of Thurman as the tail to such a kite?

It is a fact, I think, that Chase is thought of seriously by those who are in the "new departure" movement. He is their candidate, and if they are in the majority he is quite likely to get the nomination. He is not tinctured with Tammany, he is not an abettor of the Ku Klux. He is not against negro suffrage, and he would well represent all that portion of the party that desire to slough off everything in Democracy but the name. The trouble is that all the earnest, working force of that party, is with the rebels and the Tammany thieves.

The Cooper Institute meeting is regarded here, as a very important movement, and likely to have an important bearing on New York politics. It has, in fact, come to about this, that a movement by the true men against dishonesty, is a movement against the Democratic party. The tax payers, who have had a debt of sixty millions loaded on them by those bad men have pretty strong reasons for breaking out of the traces. To sustain the Democratic party, is not only to sustain scoundrelism, but to pay its bills. They might be willing enough to see the plunder go on, if they themselves were not despoiled by it. But, as it is, they will revolt, and then, what becomes of the party?

The falling off of receipts in the office of Internal Revenue for the fiscal year, mainly owing to the reduction of taxes, is about forty millions; but Mr. Boutwell, in the face of this reduction, continues to pair off the debt at the rate of one hundred millions per annum.

BUCKEYE.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—The Herald, which has heretofore had little to say on the Tammany frauds, in an editorial today thinks that the attacks in the press upon city officials are from wounded personal spite, disappointment, and party business motives. It thinks that all the parties who have held sway in the city for the past year, have been guilty of plunder, and the present power of Tammany was obtained by the co-operation of Republicans. It asks for the resignation of Tweed and Connolly and says that a crisis has come in city affairs and in the history of Tammany, which cannot be bridged over by expedients, and which the influence of party organization cannot avert, and that a reorganization of the political elements is demand by the situation.

There are reports that the citizens' committee of seventy have laid plans to get the case against the city authorities before the United States Court, in case there is a dissolution of the injunction of Judge Barnard, on Monday.

Some of the Tammany aspirants for offices to be voted upon in the fall are already beginning to experience trouble.

The object of the recent visit of Jones and O'Brien to Long Branch, was to represent the municipal government in such a state of chaos as to lay the foundation for calling upon the General government to interfere and appoint a provisional one.

Mayor Hall asserts his intention to fill out his present term of office, and to run again, and let the people pass judgment on his administration.

Bills of indictment against Rozenweig, the abortionist, have not yet been laid before the grand jury. The District Attorney will not send up the indictments until Tuesday next. No unnecessary delay will be permitted, and before the end of next week Rozenweig will have justice done him.

The inquest in the case of Emily A. Post was brought to a close to-day. The jury rendered the following verdict: "We find that the death of Emily A. Post was superinduced by brutal and inhuman treatment received at the hands of Dr. Perry and Madame Van Buskirk, and we further find that P. K. Post, Sr., Minerva Post and P. K. Post, Jr., in placing their daughter and sister in the care of known mal-practitioners, were guilty of an unnatural outrage, evincing depraved minds utterly regardless of natural duty." The father, mother and daughter have been held to answer.

The *Tribune* believes it will still require great vigilance, great industry and unfailing prudence to finish the work of breaking the power of Tammany, but for the first time in many years it seems clearly possible. The insolent confidence of the rogues seems to be giving way.

The fight between the Fenton and Conkling factions has extended itself to Brooklyn, where at a late meeting of the Republican General Committee, the conclusion was reached that holders of offices under Democratic authority, should not be nominated or supported for any office. The *Tribune* thinks that this action was aimed at Fenton.

The allusion to the abortion business in Judge Bedford's charge to the grand jury, has been the means of directing public attention to the papers in which the advertisements of practicing abortionists appeared. There are two statutes which prohibit the advertising of these practitioners, and it is believed steps will at once be taken to have them rigidly enforced.

NEW YORK, September 9.—President Grant has informed the interviewers of the Herald at Long Branch that there will be no immediate action taken upon the report of Senator Scott touching the alleged Ku Klux outrages in South Carolina. Among the reports which the President has received contradicting the reports of Scott is one from Spartansburg County, signed by twenty-six citizens, including United States Commissioners, United States Assessor, Probate Judge, and Sheriff, denying that any of the alleged acts of violence were perpetrated by the Ku Klux party.

The President expressed his approval of the general lestures of the opinion of Attorney-General Ackerman upon civil service.

The Custom House Association of the 16th Assembly District, declared last night to endorse Judge Barnard's action in the Foley suit until after next Monday. At a large meeting of Germans of the 10th ward, last evening, the proceedings at the Cooper Institute, of the citizens' meeting, and the subsequent action of the Executive Committee were endorsed, Resolutions similar to those adopted at the Cooper, were enthusiastically passed. Several speakers denounced the "Tammany Hall knaves." the case against the officials could not be sustained. He has not concerned himself much about the newspapers recently and is anxious to retire wholly from political life.

The Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, in a rejoinder to-day to the reply of Mr. Greeley, reiterates the statements of his former communication, and accuses Mr Greeley of having been placed at the head of the late General Committee by a Tammany trick and being responsible for existing dissensions among the Republicans of this city.

Robert Bonner doubts that Goldsmith Maid beat Dexter's time on the Cold Spring course. He says that if she had trotted a mile in 2:17, it would leave her behind Dexter, for he trotted in the presence of ten thousand people in 2:16, although beaten in that race by a running horse that made it in 2:15, and therefore got the record. He offers to pay $100 000 for a horse which will best Dexter's feat of a year ago, trotting a mile in 2:21¼ with a road wagon and driver weighing 319 pounds, behind him. If the owner of that horse declines to sell him, Bonner will give $10,000 for the pleasure of seeing the feat performed.

The Tribune alleges that the public school system is tainted with the frauds and abuses of the Tammany ring. It says that the school department has been demoralized and all but ruined by the corrupting influences of those who control public affairs. The notable features of the system as it exists are said to be the wasting of money, discouragement of attendance by scholars, the creeping into the schools of a sectarian spirit, and the awarding of contracts for books and supplies to party favorites.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 6.—Indications strongly favor the election of Booth, Republican, for Governor. In San Francisco the tax payer's municipal ticket is largely ahead of the Democratic. Vote light.

LATER.—The city and State are claimed by both Haight and Booth for Governor. The vote is very close and not full. In San Francisco the Democrats are believed to have elected Curtis for Mayor, Rosenor for Assessor, Klappenbury for Treasurer, Mumphrie for Surveyor; and the tax payers the remainder of the ticket. Hardly any straight tickets were cast. In the 4th ward the tax payers' candidate for Surveyor, is defeated by the negro vote for McCarthy, independent. About twenty-five per cent. of the negro vote was Democratic.

The Nashville people, irrespective of parties, are preparing to welcome Carl Schurz.

The adoption of the new Nebraska constitution by the people is considered doubtful.

A grand Sunday School Convention is to be held on Monday, by the Indiana Colored Baptist Association, at New Albany.

The last of the 350 colonists taken to Magdalena Bay, by the Lower California Company, has got back to San Francisco. Fifty have died.

The number of deaths in Paris during the past week was 963. Returns show that typhoid fever is increasing and becoming an epidemic.

One-sixth of the votes cast in Laramie county, Wyoming, were by women. The Republicans claim a majority in one branch of the Legislature.

Two persons in one family in Hartford, Connecticut, died last week, and another person on Sunday, from poison by toad stools, which they eat for mushrooms.

The Republican majority in California is about 6,500. Alvord, taxpayer, is elected Mayor of San Francisco by 2,000 majority. Booth's majority in that city is 2,500.

A reunion of soldiers from Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia, will be held in Wheeling October 19. Generals McClellan, Cox and Banks will be there.

The London *Telegraph*, speaking of the Laura Fair trial, truly says there is no country but the United States where women are taught that they are not amenable to the same penalties as men.

Whites and blacks of Claiborne Parish, La., met Sunday and resolved to ignore Federal politics while striving for rigorous economy in the State government and the protection of all classes in their civil and political rights.

Some eastern papers having published a statement that no good Kansas land could be bought for less than $50 per acre, Gov. Harvey prints a card saying there are millions of acres of good land there to be had under the homestead law, at $1 25 per acre, and good land in the older settled parts at from $5 to $20 per acre.

An important general meeting of the Nail and Spike manufacturers of the United States was held at Philadelphia on the 7th inst. From one of the New York delegates the following particulars have been obtained: A proposition was made and unanimously adopted on the opening of the meeting, to advance wholesale prices of all sizes of American nails and spikes 25 per cent per hundred weight. On sales of from 200 to 1,000 kegs a reduction of 10 per cent. is to be made, and on all upwards of 1,000 kegs, 15 cents per cwt. On all sales south of Baltimore no limit to prices was established, and manufacturers are at liberty to establish their own prices.

The New Jersey Republican Convention resolved in favor of Grant in the warmest terms; endorsed the 15th amendment, the policy of the Republican party throughout, civil service reform, careful fostering of all industries, and the national administration.

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance has resolved to make no distinctions on account of race, color or previous condition, in membership qualifications, and to discourage the organization of separate lodges in the same territory on account of colored candidates for membership.

A large meeting of Germans opposed to the repeal of the Sunday and temperance laws, was held in Cleveland Thursday night. The usual speeches were made and resolutions adopted.

A poor German, owning a mortgaged farm in Illinois, near where the Mormons used to live, plowed up a box a few days since containing $1,700 in gold. His first exclamation was: "If this bees mine, I pays for de farm right away."

Messrs. Jefferson Davis and Jubal Early afforded the mourners of the lost cause the gratification of a "touching and pathetic" reception at the White Sulphur Springs on Tuesday, when those great celebrities took possession of the "Cottages."

The International Society has raised $30 000 with which to start a newspaper in New York.

The Ina, winning yacht at the Put-in Bay regatta Wednesday, is an Oswego built boat.

The remains of Alice Bowlesby were taken to Patterson Wednesday morning for interment.

The celebrated Mariposa estate is to be sold by trustees, October 12, for the benefit of certificate holders.

Counterfeit $20 bills on the Merchants' National Bank of New York city were put in circulation at Poughkeepsie on Wednesday.

Ignatius Donnelly, once a Republican M. C. from Minnesota and afterwards an apostate, writes a letter now to say he is coming back to the Republican party.

The Convention of the New York State Anti-Dram Shop party met at Syracuse Wednesday. The platform condemns any law allowing towns to license liquor selling.

The Portland (Maine) Board of Trade has passed resolutions favoring the Niagara Ship Canal, and a convention in Detroit in October in aid of cheap transportation.

Twenty-six States were represented by delegates at the annual meeting of the American Pomological Society at Richmond, Va., Wednesday. The display of fruits is the finest ever had.

President Caswell, of Brown University, has resigned, to take effect at the close of the academic year. The question of admitting women to the University is referred to a committee to report next June.

Washburn and Doolittle, the Republican and Democratic candidates for Governor of Wisconsin, have agreed to have a joint discussion of the political issues of the day in each Congressional District of the State.

The Dutchess County Branch of the Universal Peace Society held a meeting Wednesday. Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, offered a series of resolutions asserting that war is the working man's enemy, and that while religious sects sanction war, New York riots are inevitable.

The latest returns from Wyoming give the Republicans a majority of two in the Senate and the Democrats a majority of two in the House. The Republicans are jubilant over the result, as the last Legislature was unanimously Democratic, and it is claimed as a Republican victory and endorsement of Gov. Campbell's administration.

A correspondent says the famine in Persia is almost at an end, but the distress caused by it will continue yet for a long time. The price of bread has fallen considerably, but the poorer classes are utterly destitute, and starvation will be the fate of a great many more. The people fight over carcasses of mules, &c., and at Yezd there are eight authentic cases of children being killed for food.

The Northwestern Woman's Suffrage Association, meets at Indianapolis Nov. 15th.

In Washington City the authorities have announced their purpose to close up all bawdy and disorderly houses.

Governor-elect Booth, of California, was received on his arrival in San Francisco, Friday, with much enthusiasm.

Four hundred recruits have been ordered for assignment to the 13th Infantry at Omaha, and fifty for the 3d Infantry at Fort Leavenworth.

A large and enthusiastic Republican meeting in Jersey City ratified the State nominations. Gen. Kilpatrick made a speech fully supporting the nomination of Walsh for Governor.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 6.—In New Albany, Ind., yesterday evening, a young woman named Sarah Koons attempted suicide by wading in the river, but was rescued. She said she was sick and out of money, and was on her way from Alabama to friends in Illinois. She was furnished a railroad pass and sent on.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7—Yesterday forenoon, at Rockford, Ill., Jesse Zimmerman, an old and well known drunkard, killed his wife, an old lady of 70 years, by stabbing her with a carpenter's scratch awl. Zimmerman then tried to destroy his own life by taking a large dose of laudanum, but prompt medical aid saved him.

Singular Epidemic.

The Chicago *Times* devotes much space to an account of the prevalence of a sickness of a peculiar character which has raged recently within a few miles of that city, and allowed few families to escape its infliction, in many cases all the members of the household, children and adults, being at once confined to their beds. The *Times* says:

"It has a radius of about ten miles, and the sphere of its operations may be described as stretching north and south from Harlem to Joliet, and east and west from Summit to Hinsdale and West Lyons. Many cases of a similar type have been reported outside of these boundaries, but not in such numbers as to involve an epidemic character. It is clearly a malarious fever, as its symptoms are marked by all the characteristics that come of miasmatic causes. Before the present season no such complaint had ever been known in this region. Many years ago, as many old inhabitants of Chicago will recollect, this locality was the favorite haunt of fever and ague. But for the last fifteen years the region has been exceedingly healthy, a fact which has contributed largely to the success of the charming suburbs that blossom on the flat, monotonous prairie.

The epidemic appeared simultaneously in a number of different and distant places—for example, Harlem and Joliet—and it has dispensed its favors with great impartiality over nearly all the villages between these limits. A great amount of virulence has been manifest in the immediate vicinity of the canal and the Aux Plaines River, though the cases have been fully as numerous in proportion at a greater distance from these streams. Dr. Fox, the physician who probably has had a more extensive acquaintance with the disease than any other, states that out of some 500 cases which he has treated within a few weeks, almost every one can be traced to imprudent exposure to the night air.

The character of the disease is some what peculiar, though it belongs to the type of bilious fever. The patient is seized with violent headache and general physical debility, accompanied with violent pains in the back and side. Shortly after the first symptoms come nausea at the stomach, with nature's attempt at relief in the way of vomiting. The sufferer then experiences fever of a greater or less degree of severity, which intermits to return again with greater power, till the disease has reached its culminating point. After the actual departure of the illness, the convalescents experience a sense of other weakness and prostration, as if the bones had lost their stability. This seems to be a peculiar feature of the disease—its effect on the osseous part of the system. Though the patient may be confined to his bed only a few days, several weeks elapse before there is much return of health and elasticity of feeling, a disproportion between the sickness and convalescence which is almost unparalleled. Were it not for this fact, the epidemic would furnish no marked distinction from bilious fever of a very mild type. In a few cases, the attack has culminated in typhoid fever, though it is presumed only where some predisposition or exciting causes outside of the epidemic itself have existed. No fatal examples have been reported; in fact, medical attendance has rarely been deemed necessary for more than three or four days, the real suffering of the patient being during the period of convalescence. Dr. Fox reported that during last week he attended about 250 cases, but that at the commencement of the present week he did not have a single case on his docket, though fresh calls came in rapidly afterward. In the practice of the physician above mentioned there have been about 500 cases during four weeks, within a radius of ten miles. Including the practice of other physicians, it may be safely estimated that within the limits mentioned in the first part of this article, there have been at least 1,500 cases of this singular epidemic. Even in Chicago there have been many cases. The epidemic seems now to have passed its culminating point, as the cases in the region where it has specially raged are diminishing. About a fortnight since, almost every person at the village of Summit was on the sick list, and, had the disease been a very severe one, the town would have been at the very summit of misery and misfortune. It is probable that, when all the facts in the premises are known, it will be found that the disease has had much wider limits than at first indicated."

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STARVATION.

A Woman and Two Babes Abandoned and Nearly Starved.

From the Detroit Free Press.

About three months ago a man named George Anderson moved into No 98 Mullett street, with his wife and two twin babies. The family lived there three weeks, but seemed to have persistently avoided making the acquaintance of any other neighbors, although efforts were made by several persons from time to time to induce them to join in the neighborhood socialities. About two weeks ago Anderson suddenly quitted the city, but this fact was not known until Friday last, when simultaneously with this discovery was made another of so frightful and appalling a character as to create the utmost excitement and consternation. There were living in the rear part of the house several colored persons, who as long ago as last Monday began to take cognizance of the fact that Anderson had disappeared, but nothing particular was said or done concerning it until Friday morning. At that time serious apprehensions were felt lest something unfortunate had befallen them, and a call was made. No answer could be obtained, but the pitiful wailing of the babies convinced outsiders that the family were yet in the house, and that some interference was necessary. Accordingly an entrance was forced, and one of the most harrowing scenes ever witnessed was revealed to the horror stricken gazers. Mrs. Anderson lay upon the bed, so weak as to be unable to walk, and emaciated to the last degree, while the babes were in a plight scarcely less pitiful. The woman was strangely reticent, but, by dint of persevering cross questioning, the people learned that her husband had deserted her, and that she had deliberately resolved to starve herself to death. She stated, with a great deal of reluctance, that she had not tasted food since Monday, August 28 h, and the surroundings gave proof of her statement. The bed was in a horribly filthy condition, and the color in the room was so repulsive as to, for the time being, drive the visitors out. They again rallied, however, and took prompt measures to better the condition of the unfortunate mother and children. The latter had subsisted upon the slight sustenance furnished by the mother during the week, and this accounts for preservation of their lives. A neighbor procured some milk and the poor half-famished little things were fed until they could help no more. The house was cleaned, and the best possible care was taken of the mother, who with her children was subsequently removed to the Home of the Friendless, where they yet remain.

All that could be learned from Mrs. Anderson was that her husband had run away, and that she in her despair had determined to starve herself to death. It is quite evident that if the neighbors had not broken into the house and given her aid she would have died and made no sign. It is a most extraordinary case, and one worthy the attention of the philanthropic people in whose care the mother and children are at present placed.

Goldsmith Maid vs. Dexter.

Doble accepts the New York challenge, $10 000 to $5,000, that Goldsmith Maid cannot repeat her performance on on Eastern track, and is ready to put up $10,000 forfeit to $2,000.

Robert Bonner is reported to be much excited over Goldsmith Maid's time at Milwaukee. He says Dexter can trot ½ to 1 second quicker, and he will prove his horse's capacity to do it within a few weeks. Dexter will be put in training at once.

The *Sun* of yesterday discredited the time said to have been made by Goldsmith Maid at Milwaukee, and the story was received with general incredulity; $10,000 to $5,000 that she could go to New York and repeat it with no takers. It added: "If she can go in 2:17, 2:17½, or very near together these figures, let her come to this vicinity, New York, where she can be seen and accurately timed, and do it.

OUR MOTHERS.—Many a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe" when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? Oh, weary and faithful mother, you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.

HOMES IN THE WEST.

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All persons who have not heretofore sent their address to Lock Box No. 29, Toledo, Ohio, who think of emigrating to the West, and who wish to unite with a colony which will secure to them in the shortest possible time the advantages of good society, churches, schools, &c., and at the same time rapidly enhance the value of their property, are invited to send their address enclosing stamp for return postage to

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"DOMESTIC"

The whole world, chall

Our Young Folks.

A NEWPORT TRAGEDY

PART I.

By the sad waves sat Polly;
Her mother had left her there
(Her mother's name was Polly,
A damsel with fluffy hair.)

Now only this spake Polly,
As she placed her on a rock?
"Sit there while I go home, Dolly,
And change this mussy frock.

"I'll come and take you, Dolly,
When I'm ready for my ride,"
Miss Dolly stared at Polly,
But never a word replied.

Never a word she uttered
As the fluffy hair flew past;
But oh! the sad sea muttered
And the sullen tide rose fast.

Alas! alas for Dolly!
Still onward rushed the tide,
And still forgetful Polly
Was dressing for her ride.

PART II.

Oh! dreary is the ocean,
With black night over all;
And weary is the motion
Of floating (to a doll).

And a most unwelcome visitor
Is a sea-gull, as you float.
One made a cruel kiss at her
And caught her by the throat.

The gull was hungry, wood is tough,
Which made it bad for Dolly;
And since he could not eat enough,
'Twas doubly melancholy.

PART III.

The cruelest of cruel shocks
Had Polly in the morn.
When Jacky found among the rocks
An object all forlorn.

"O cousin Jack! O cousin Jack!"
Cried the distracted mother;
"It's dreadful hard; but throw her back—
I'll have to buy another!"

And ever since, on Newport shore,
Whate'er the fun and folly,
The sea with moan and dismal roar
Bewails the fate of Dolly.

—*Hearth and Home.*

Gerty's Dime.

BY C. E. K. DAVIS.

"Ten cents for you, Dot. Buy a heap of candy and play party with Robbie."

This was what Gerty's gay aunt said, as she tossed a bright silver dime into the little girl's white apron.

Gerty said *thank you*, with sparkling eyes; for pennies and sweetmeats were rare luxuries to her and Robbie. And then she sat on the door-step and watched the ribbons of Aunty's hat and sash as they fluttered down the street, like gay butterflies, until they disappeared around the corner.

"Gerty," called Mamma from the kitchen. And a pair of willing little feet tripped through the entry in answer to the summons. "Gerty, I am going to send you over to poor Miss Love with two of those nice warm muffins. She will relish them, I know, and it is about her hour for dinner."

"Is Miss Love *very* poor, Mamma?"

"Yes, my child; and sick, too."

"But she always smiles, Mamma."

"That is because God's grace dwells in her heart; and even in the midst of poverty and pain she is happy."

Gerty took the muffins, wrapped in a dainty white napkin; but her little feet moved slowly on their errand. Not because they were reluctant; but because, while listening to her mother's words, a question had thrust itself into Gerty's mind, like an uninvited and unwelcome guest, and she wanted to dispose of it in some way before opening Miss Love's door.

Presently she dropped the bright silver dime, until now held tightly clasped in her hand, down into the very deepest corner of her pocket, under her handkerchief and her paper-doll and slate pencil and bit of rubber and the sample of Polly Grey's new gown; and when it was thus safely disposed of, and out of sight, the lagging feet sped nimbly along, and in three minutes Gerty stood beside Miss Love's bed, with the warm muffins and Mamma's message.

"Dear little heart! The Lord bless you!" This was what Miss Love said.

Then Gerty looked around on the poor room, and back again into the old lady's white, patient face, and wondered how she would feel to lie on that bed day after day, with the beautiful world all outside.

Miss Love guessed the unspoken question, and answered it.

"You would be just as contented and happy as I am, dear, if you had the peace of the blessed Lord in your heart."

"What makes him let you be poor and sick?" Gerty asked, almost in a whisper.

"Oh! my child, he knows what I need. He takes this way to teach me to trust him; and it is blessed teaching."

Gerty opened her eyes very wide, and her little fingers began fumbling nervously at her pocket.

"Don't you ever have any money to spend, Miss Love?"

"Well, no, dear; but the Lord feeds me every day, and I always have enough."

Here six inches of white pocket-handkerchief found their way into Gerty's fingers and were spread out on the calico quilt.

"Don't you ever have candy or oranges to eat?"

Miss Love shook her head; and a paper doll and slate pencil were placed over against the handkerchief.

"And don't you never have gibs with sassafras in 'em—nor—nor—pickled limes?"

"Not since I was a little girl like you, dear."

At this confession out came the bit of rubber and the sample of Polly Grey's new gown; and, lastly, in little fingers that hesitated no longer, the bright silver dime, that couldn't and wouldn't be kept at the bottom of Gerty's pocket another minute. And this Gerty dropped into Miss Love's poor, withered old hand.

"It is my own—*honest and true*—to do what I please with!" There was something that felt like a little lump in Gerty's throat, and she spoke very fast, lest it might choke her before she could get out of the room. "My Aunty gave it to me this—this very morning, and you must ple—ple—please buy some can—candy with it; and—Robbie and—I, we'll pl—play party—with—ap—apples!"

Then she ran home as swiftly as her dear little feet would carry her; and that afternoon as she sat on the green grass under the old butternut tree, eating apples with Robbie, I really think she was the happiest girl in all the town.

Jack Stone's Sickness.

I was sick the other day. Sick enough to be in bed, and it was not very pleasant. The sickness isn't so hard to bear, as to have to keep still. It don't agree with me to be quiet. I am of a go-about disposition.

My head felt queer. It ached very bad. I thought it would break open. I told mother so.

She put a bandage around it. I suppose it was to keep it together, so it would not roll on the floor, and spoil the pretty flowers on the carpet. There are lots of pretty flowers on it. I tried to count them when I was sick. It made my head worse.

I wanted to go to sleep. I shut my eyes and saw all kinds of colored stars dancing around. They made me dizzy.

Then I looked at the picture on the wall. It is a handsome one. A stableman is taking care of a horse. I thought I would like to be the stable-man. He did not look as if his head ached. He looked too happy to be sick. If I had a large horse, I would treat him well, and make a friend of him. Horses seem to know a great deal.

I did not mean to tell you about horses but about my sickness. I thought of a great many things, and I fell asleep.

I had a funny dream. I dreamed the cat had a surprise party, and had a lot of cat and kitten visitors. The cat seemed very much pleased. She had washed herself very nice indeed, and looked better than she does when I am awake.

I dreamed I gave them some fish to eat. They quarrelled over it and commenced to fight. They got so mad with each other, that I jumped upon a chair. I was afraid they might mistake me for a cat.

Mother heard the noise and came in with the broom and chased them all out. That was the end of the cat party.

I woke up. The doctor was in the room, and was looking at me. He wanted me to hold out my tongue. I obeyed him.

He said it was coated. Tongues don't wear coats. I told the doctor so. He laughed, and said I was a funny fellow. My headache didn't make me feel one bit funny.

He left some very nice pills. They had sugar over them, so people would think they were sweet inside. I should not have wished to have swallowed them if I had known the sugar was only on the outside. It deceived me very much.

Mother sat by my side and sang me a song. It lulled me to sleep. I did not dream that time. I woke suddenly.—Something disturbed me. Mother had upset a kettle. It sounded to me like thunder. I thought, when I got well and played "storm" again, I would upset the kettle to make believe it is thunder. It sounds more natural than rolling a cricket over the floor.

When I woke up the room was all dark. I thought it was night. I was mistaken. The curtains were pulled down. I opened one side of them. It looked very pleasant in the road. It seemed almost too pleasant to be sick.—The bandage on my head felt dry, and I wanted to take it off. I did not dare to for I did not know whether my head was in one or two pieces.

I did not like to call for mother. I rapped on the table and she heard me. She brought me some very nice toast to eat. I had forgotten I was hungry until mother brought the toast. That reminded me of it.

I was better. I sat up before the fire in a little chair, while mother made my bed. Father came in from work, and told me I should have gingerbread six days in the week. I am very fond of gingerbread. It was a great inducement to get well. I told father I would try to do so.

The next morning I was better, and was able to eat some gingerbread, which I found to be very nice. I read a great deal in the book Mr. Gooding sent me.—*Youth's Companion.*

Boys on Sunday.

Sunday to the country farmer boy was hardly the relief that it was to the other members of the family: for the same chores must be done that day as on others, and he could not divert his mind with whistling, hand-springs, or sending the dog into the river after sticks. He had to submit, in the first place, to the restraint of shoes and stockings. He read the Old Testament that when Moses came to holy ground he put off his shoes; but the boy was obliged to put his on, upon the holy day, not only to go to meeting, but while he sat at home. Only the emancipated country boy, who is as agile on his bare feet as a young kid, and rejoices in the pressure of the warm soft earth, knows what a hardship it is to tie on stiff shoes. The monks who put peas in their shoes as a penance, do not suffer more than the country boy in his penitential Sunday shoes. I recall the celerity with which he used to kick them off at sundown.

Sunday morning was not an idle one for the farmer boy. He must rise tolerably early, for the cows were to be milked and driven to pasture; family prayers were a little longer than on other days; there were the Sunday-school verses to be re-learned, for they did not stay in mind over night; perhaps the wagon was to be greased before the neighbors began to drive by; and the horse was to be caught out of the pasture, ridden home bare-back and harnessed. This catching the horse, perhaps two of them, was very good fun usually, and would have broken the Sunday, if the horse had not been wanted for taking the family to meeting. It was so peaceful and still in the pasture on Sunday morning; but the horses were never so playful, the colts never so frisky. Round and round the lot the boy went calling, in an entreating Sunday voice, "Jock, jock, jock, jock," and shaking his salt dish, while the horses with heads erect, and shaking tails and flashing heels, dashing from corner to corner, and gave the boy a pretty good race before he could coax the nose of one of them into his dish. The boy got angry, and came very near saying "dum it," but he rather enjoyed the fun after all.

The boy remembers how his mother's anxiety was divided between the set of his turn-over collar, the parting of his hair, and his memory of the Sunday school verses; and what a wild confusion there was through the house in getting off for meeting, and how he was kept running hither and thither, to get the hymn book, or a palm leaf fan, or the best whip, or to pick from the Sunday part of the garden the bunch of the caraway seed. Already the deacon's mare, with a wagon load of the deacon's folks, had gone shambling past, head and tail drooping, clumsy hoofs kicking up clouds of dust, while the good deacon sat jerking the reins, in an automatic way, and the women folks patiently saw the dust settle upon their best summer finery. Wagon after wagon went along the sandy road, and when our boy's family started, they became part of a long procession, which sent up a mile of dust and a pungent, if not pious smell of buffalo-robes. There was fiery horses in the train which had to be held in, for it was neither etiquette nor decent to pass any body on Sunday. It was a great delight to the farmer boy to see all this procession of horses, and, to exchange sly winks with the other boys, who leaned over the wagon seats for that purpose. Occasionally a boy rode behind, with his back to the family, and his pantomime was always something wonderful to see, and was considered very daring and wicked.

The meeting-house, which our boy remembers, was a high, square building, without a steeple. Within, it had a lofty pulpit, with doors underneath and closets where sacred things were kept, and where the tithing men were supposed to imprison bad boys. The pews were square, with seats facing each other, those on one side low for the children, and all with hinges, so that they could be raised when the congregation stood up for prayers, and leaned over the backs of the pews, as horses meet each other across a pasture fence. After prayers these seats used to be slammed down with a long continued clatter, which seemed to the boys about the best part of the exercises. The galleries were very high, and the singers' seats, where the pretty girls sat, were the most conspicuous of all. To sit in the gallery, away from the family, was a privilege not often granted the boys. The tithing man, who carried a long rod and kept order in the house, and out of doors at noon time sat in the gallery, and visited any boy who whispered, or found curious passages in the Bible and showed them to another boy, it was an awful moment when the bushy headed tithing man, approached a boy in sermon time. The eyes of the whole congregation were on him, and he could feel the guilt ooze out of his burning face.—*C. E. Warner, in Work and Play.*

More About the Abortionists.

From the New York Times Sept. 2.

As we have before stated, the space in the columns of the *Times* has been by far too limited to tell all the facts collected by our reporters concerning the murderous business conducted by the quack doctors of this city. Many of the circumstances are too indecent to be described, and were all the story told very few would believe the reality. So low, and vile, and desperate are their tricks, that honest people could not comprehend them. There is but one way for people to see these things, and that is to go personally, as our reporters have done, and be in the very midst of the evil. There are various plans used to gull and plunder the unwary, and those adopted and in use by the professional abortionists are generally the most successful. Our reporter's note-book contains many points of interest, from which we glean the following:

It was just at twilight when I called upon Mme. Van Buskirk, in St. Mark's place. The room into which I was led was so dark that I could not distinguish its size or contents. After a moment's delay the Madame entered. Even in the indistinct gloom I could see her sinister expression, more especially from her glaring eyes, which seemed to burn into mine like the glow from a molten furnace. There was something hideous and repulsive in the very atmosphere that surrounded her. When she spoke there was a hissing of the ss in her words, like that of a snake.

After stating that her name was Mme. Van Buskirk, and her "profession" was "to relieve ladies in all female difficulties," she brusquely demanded:

"How soon will you bring the lady?"

"I have not intended to bring any lady. You said that you could treat the difficulty elsewhere."

"But, to be sure, I must have her here. Otherwise, how can I be responsible for the consequences?"

"What consequences do you mean?"

"I mean anything. You know *anything* may happen. The child may die; so may the mother. I don't expect that, but I must be ready for it."

"Well, if death occurs here—what then?"

What *then?* Why, *then*—sh! (in a whisper,) do you suppose we in this business are fools? Don't we look out for the very worst! Ah—h! (with a long-drawn sigh) never you mind about the rest. You do your part, and we'll do ours. All you have to do is to bring your lady here; we will send her away well. If anything should happen unfortunately, I will guarantee you will never have any trouble."

"But if death occurs, wouldn't that be a State Prison offense for me?"

"Pshaw! *We are prepared for anything.* You have no more to do but to pay."

"But what becomes of a dead body?"

"*Doctors and undertakers can be found to fix that!* And if they didn't—why we could fix it ourselves."

"Dead men sometimes tell tales."

"Not in our day. Bury the dead according to law, and there will be no trouble. *We can get all the burial permits we need!* Bring me your lady, pay me your money, and you will never regret it!"

The flash and glitter of her eyes, the firm, set expression of her mouth, and the spasmodic gestures and emphasis of her manner sent a thrill of horror through my blood. "Ready for anything—even murder," I murmured as I left.

I subsequently learned from her neighbors that night and day there came through the windows, and even through the thick brick party-walls, groans and wails of anguish from female voices. So intolerant has this nuisance been, that in the adjoining buildings sleep to the inmates became almost impossible, and they remonstrated with the Madame. But the pale, woful patients continued to come and go. Some of these I saw tottering out to their carriages, livid, ghastly, just alive, and scarcely more.

"Poor things! they haven't far to go to their graves," remarked a bystander. I thought so, too.

By one grand stroke of fate this iniquitous woman has been detected, and may yet be punished.

"Madame" West and her husband have a similar establishment in West Fortieth street, near Broadway. It is a frame house, and very neat in all its exterior and interior arrangements. A lady about fifty years of age opened the door and invited me into the parlor. This was a cosy, cheerful room, completely furnished, even to a piano and pictures. The blinds and curtains were closed and the room was dark. I noticed as I sat down, and before the door was closed, two persons in the hall. One was evidently a man in a dressing gown and slippers, and the other a woman of about forty years of age. A "tap, tap," against the door was heard, and the lady who had received me excused herself a moment and retired into the hall, partly closing the door after her. Through the crack, however, I could just see the trio deeply engaged in some confab. Evidently it was about me, for violent gestures were made toward where I was. The next moment she returned with a strange expression of mingled perplexity and alarm. A brief parley between us concerning the advertisement of the place printed in the *Herald* brought us to the point at issue.

"We can treat a lady if you bring her here, sir—not otherwise."

"Without danger?"

"Certainly. We run no risk. We do business in a perfectly legitimate manner. We don't pretend to do what is impossible. Nature will do everything with a little aid. We charge you three hundred dollars, and guarantee you no trouble. We have attended to some of the very first ladies in the land. There are now twelve in the house, all of them nice persons and pleasant company. They can come together in the parlor or keep their rooms; and they may meat in their rooms or at the general table, with the family."

"But do you never have any medical trouble; that is, do you never have any deaths?"

"An infant may die."

"But have none of your adult patients ever died?"

"Oh, no; not here. No women need die here unless they are careless."

"But don't they go home to die sometimes?"

"That is more than I can tell. The fact is, that it is as safe as can be. If patients die after they leave our care here, we cannot help that."

"But if an infant dies, what do you do with the remains?"

"Why, bury it, as any one else would. We have facilities for all that. We do it by law."

"Then supposing I brought a lady here to be treated in the way you have mentioned, you agree to do what you have described and assume all the responsibility?"

"Yes, I do."

"And if fatal results should come, would I be involved?"

"No, we will take care of that. You shall never get in any trouble about it."

"How can I be sure of that?"

"Our word, that we never have any trouble, because we have arrangements for any and every emergency."

Possibly they disposed of the abused remains of their victims by surreptitiously obtaining burial certificates through the agency of certain unsuspected physicians, and possibly many a body like that of the recently murdered woman has been more carefully prepared by disinfectants and chemical preservatives, boxed up and sent away to some point in the far West, to be buried where discovery is almost impossible. Certain it is, that a very large number of remains of infants are found cast away over vacant lots, in the sewers, on the river banks, and in the waters of the Bay. If anything like accurate statistics of the matter could be presented, the picture would horrify the public mind. As it is now very few of the guilty parties are ever discovered, and fewer yet are punished.

Yesterday the offices of the majority of the professional abortionists were closed. The "doctors" were generally absent. Those in charge would answer with evident anxiety and care: "not in town;" "gone to the country;" "won't be back in a month," or some similar answer would be given. It is evident that several have incontinently fled to parts unknown, very likely in fear that their misdeeds may soon be unearthed. In this they are not without reason, and a few more days may work out a terrible and just retribution to these inhuman monsters.

CAREER OF A COQUETTE.

A Curious History—Secretly Married—Once Deserted and then Divorced—How She Took Her Revenge.

From the New York Herald.

A few years ago the daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic family of Ellsworth, Ulster county, at that time a noted belle of about eighteen years, a brunette of marvelous beauty, with Grecian features, dark expressive eyes and black, lustrous hair, exquisitely formed, and possessed of the highest order of attainments, fell hopelessly in love with a young man of somewhat questionable character, and was married to him privately.

Soon after this event the newly-fledged husband deserted her and went to California, she following in pursuit. Upon her arrival there she took up her residence in San Francisco, and began searching for her truant lord. At last one evening she found him promenading Montgomery street and besecched him to return with her, which he promised to do. Accordingly, a few days after, they started homewards. About a month after their return he again deserted her and fled a second time to California, where he subsequently obtained a divorce.

A year had scarcely elapsed since her desertion, when she, more charming than ever, left her seclusion, and appeared as a brigut and shining star in society, attracting to her side countless suitors. Among them was a young jeweler, who was very devoted and profuse in his addresses. The lady did not repulse him, but, on the contrary, seemed flattered with his attentions, and apparently reciprocated his affections.

In the same village was a young man from Pennsylvania, stylish and attractive, well versed in all those little arts which serve to please and captivate. He also became infatuated with the lady, and sought to supplant the jeweler in her affections. She, however, treated him coolly, and apparently gave him little encouragement. After a short courtship it was rumored that the lady and the jeweler were engaged, when the Pennsylvanian relinquished his attentions.—The rumor was not at first generally credited, as it was known she could not lawfully marry; but when it became known that the wedding day was appointed for August 27th, the gossips were in high glee, and the approaching nuptials were the theme of general comment. It was announced that the wedding was to be a grand affair, in keeping with the high family position of both parties. The bride had prepared an extensive outfit, costly bridal gifts were purchased and invitations sent both far and near, indeed, the affair was to be giltedged throughout.

But on the evening prior to the appointed marriage day the friends of both bride and groom were shocked and intensely mortified by the announcement that in the afternoon the lady had privately left her father's house, and, meeting the Pennsylvania gentleman at an appointed rendezvous, had been driven to a clergyman's residence and there married, the happy pair starting for Pennsylvania on their bridal tour immediately after. The forsaken lover is disconsolate, and his friends now threaten to have the lady indicted for bigamy.

A Murderer Talking in Sleep.

From the Hannibal (Mo.) Courier.

About the 1st of October last, John Krippen, a tin peddler, left Potosi for a trip through the counties bordering on Arkansas. He had about $700 on his person. He employed one Charles Thompson as driver and assistant. When in Ripley county, the peddler saw a fellow dogging his wagon, appearing at times suddenly, and anon becoming invisible. He had the utmost confidence in Thompson, and so felt comparatively safe. One day, while passing along a lonely portion of the road he was shot through the head from behind and instantly killed. The horses took fright and ran away. Thompson caught two of the horses, but instead of returning to the wagon, he traveled in another direction. Meantime, the murder had been discovered by travelers along the road; the alarm was given, and a general search for the perpetrators instituted, but without avail.

On Tuesday last, Thompson arrived at the residence of one St. George, about ten miles south of this city. He was from Frankford, Mo., and was looking out a location for a saloon. St. George had his suspicions aroused, and insisted on his remaining a day or two and resting himself, which Thompson finally agreed to do. He assigned him a bed at night in the same room with himself, and was not a little surprised and startled during the night, by hearing Thompson talking in his sleep. He listened and heard him say: "I did not kill Krippin! no, I'll be d—d if I killed him, and I won't be arrested for the murder." This was repeated several times during the night.

The next morning Thompson remarked that he did not rest well; that he never could sleep well away from home, and then inquired of St. George if he had talked in his sleep, saying that when he was restless he sometimes did talk in his sleep. St. George told him he did hear him mutter something about the purchase of a load of corn, or something to that effect. The next night the same words were repeated. Next morning St. George called on Mr. Dawson B. Anderson, and related what he had seen and heard. Anderson was conversant with all the facts of the murder of Krippin, and knew Thompson to be a fugitive from justice. It was agreed between the two to induce Thompson to go to Hannibal, and there have him arrested. They came here on Friday last, and on Saturday a warrant was issued on the affidavit of Anderson, and Thompson was locked up to await the arrival of the Sheriff of Washington county. There was a reward of $1,400 offered for the capture of Thompson, which Anderson and St. George will doubtless receive upon his delivery.

At Louisville there was a grand raffle last week. Captain Frank Harris contributing a fifteen hundred dollar span of horses, and Hon. Kearsley Carter a fifteen hundred dollar diamond pin. The object was "carriable," and the tickets sold largely. Wonderful freak of fortune. Captain Harris drew Hon. Kearsley's pin, and the Hon. Kearsley drew the Captain's horses. This is as neat as Peter Schwab's New Jersey farmer.

INVOLUNTARY MARRIAGE.

A Young Girl Taken to a House and a Ceremony Performed Which Turns Out to be a Marriage—She Sues for Freedom.

[From the Cleveland Leader.]

At the last February term of the Common Pleas Court, a case was disposed of in which the wife of one Gabriel Friedman was granted a divorce on a plea of adultery, it being proven that she had been wronged by her unfaithful spouse in a manner which won the sympathy of all to whom the circumstances became known. The sportive Friedman has been lost to the public gaze until recently, when he appears again upon the surface of the legal waters, which it seems to be his fate to trouble. His age is about 28 years, and he seems to be gifted with some mysterious attractions for the gentle sex, with whom he has been wont to while away the tardy moments of which one is apt to possess a sufficiency who has no visible occupation, and the faculty of keeping late hours. About two weeks since he formed the acquaintance of a young lady, whose name we withhold out of consideration for her relatives and friends and her own feelings which cause her to shrink from publicity. The man who had courted one wife in twenty-three States, leveled the batteries of the blind god upon the young lady who had seen but little of the world, and who had only reached the age of seventeen. He called upon her as occasion favored, and last Wednesday night offered her the pleasure of a walk in his company. Previous to this he had matured his plans for marriage to the girl, who little dreamed of his intention, as she had not been consulted, and did not desire to immediately assume the responsibilities of such a relation.

Proceeding to a neighbor's house, they passed some time in conversation upon general topics, the gallant groom rallying the blushing damsel upon her violent attachment to him, and intimating to her that their cup of bliss might be filled to overflowing if she were willing to pledge her affections to him. At this juncture a magistrate arrived, to whom a license had been shown by Friedman, and who had been engaged to perform the ceremony of marriage between the two, who, he was told, would await him at such an hour. After the usual salutations, the Justice asked them if they were ready, and the anxious groom replied in their behalf that they were. The two arose, a ceremony was performed, which proved to be of that nature which binds two lives by the most holy and indissoluble bonds, and decides their future for weal or woe. There is a custom in the Fatherland of entering into a public engagement, friends are often invited and a ceremony performed. It is a custom which is not disregarded, but may not be binding, and it was such a ceremony to which the deceived girl imagined she was giving her consent.

Shortly after the event which subsequently proved of so much significance, the party dispersed, the girl going to her father's house, where she spent the night, sleeping with a sister, while the newly fledged husband turned his steps to his resort down town.

In the morning the parents of the young lady were surprised at the appearance of the impatient lover, who made a formal demand for his wife. The victim was consulted, and disavowed any knowledge of marriage, stating that she had merely plighted her faith, and was ignorant of any claims which might be made upon her outside of such an event. She was greatly excited and alarmed at the demonstrations which followed, but remained firm, assuring her parents that she was still single and that she desired their protection from the plot which was matured for her ruin.

Fortunately she had not reached that age which makes her contracts binding, and steps were taken to have the marriage dissolved. The parents are determined to protect their daughter who, through ignorance of the villainy of man, and the snares laid for those whose innocence is too often blindness, became entangled in a plot for which the instigater should be made to answer to society.

A SON OF AARON BURR.

Curious Developments About a Son of Burr Living in Miami County.

From the Piqua (Miami County) Democrat.

It is known by but comparatively few persons that a son of Colonel Aaron Burr, the arch conspirator, around whom clings a romantic and tragical history, is a citizen of Miami county, yet such is the astounding fact.

The old gentleman, who wears his mother's name, passing the decline of life upon a farm, won by the sweat of his brow, is one of our most peaceful citizens.

He furnishes, yet very reluctantly, incontestable proofs of his descent—consisting of letters from Burr to his mother prior and subsequent to her son's birth. His mother was Miss Catharine ——, at that time (1800) a well known Washington belle, who fell beneath the blandishments of the Vice President. She was noted for her beauty, refinement and wit, and after her ruin fled mysteriously to Philadelphia. Her sudden disappearance from the gay capital created a great deal of talk; and after that event, she was dead to all the world save her titled destroyer and her son, our citizen.

Mr. —— saw his father but twice—once, after his acquittal before the Supreme Court of the United States at Richmond, when he was tried for treason, the second and last time in the latter part of 1835, in New York.

Upon the latter occasion our old citizen was recognized by Burr. He was then aged—bowed to the earth with the great weight of four-score years and a broken heart. Disease also racked his frame. Thirty years before his only daughter had sailed from Charleston, South Carolina, to meet him, but the vessel in which she embarked was never heard from, and the blow nearly crushed Burr's life.

"Sir," said the old man, "although the blood of Aaron Burr runs through my veins, I detest it. He conspired against the best government on the face of God's footstool, and I am the offspring of a traitor.

"I tried to redeem my birth by fighting for my country in the Florida war; but the odium rankles in my heart, and little does the Government suspect that it pays a pension to the son of Aaron Burr."

When I asked him if I might publish his existence, he said: "Yes. It will do me no harm; but, for heaven's sake point not out my place of retirement to the gaping world. Stigmatize my father as you please, but speak kindly, I pray thee, of my gentle and erring mother, who is in heaven waiting for her son."

"I am on the borders of three score and ten," he continued, with moistened eyes. "I want to cross the river where the stain of ancestry will never corrode a name."

I have not mentioned the old man's name.

Without his consent it never passes my lips, or claims the services of this pen.

But suffice it to say that he is often seen on the streets of Piqua, and more than once filled a juror's seat in our courts.

He waits calmly for death, and, I believe, has exacted a promise from his grandson to bury the letters of his father with him. A short time hence—yes, I feel it will not be long—a funeral cortege in this country will follow to the tomb the son of Aaron Burr.

Then, peace to his ashes.

The vacation of the Assembly begins the sixteenth.

A MUCH MARRIED WOMAN.

Five Husbands Living, and Going for a Sixth—Experience of the Fifth Husband.

[From the Lawrence (Kansas) Journal.]

About three years ago Charles Oliver, who owned a small farm near this city, married Ellen McCune, a school teacher in Lenape. Oliver was a widower, and had four children. Immediately after the marriage the family removed to North Lawrence. Last spring one C. Kempster called at Oliver's house and asked for work. Oliver got him a job on the railroad and took him as a boarder. Kempster was very attentive to Mrs. Oliver and the children.

A few weeks after Kempster came, two of the children were taken ill and died. Kempster was their constant attendant, and the neighbors and friends of the family were very outspoken in their belief that he was instrumental in their death. Oliver seemed deaf to their insinuations, and the matter was finally hushed up. Mrs. Oliver was then taken with a sudden decline, and insisted on keeping her bed. She finally concluded that nothing would save her life but to travel. Oliver obtained passes for her to Danville, New York, intending that she should attend the water cure at that place, but she refused to go, saying that she wanted to go West. Oliver then purchased a horse and ambulance, and arranged that with several other persons she should go to the mountains.

About that time Kempster went to Utah. A few weeks ago Oliver's hired man intimated to his employer that his wife was not true to him; that instead of desiring to go West for her health, she wanted to go to Utah and join the Mormons; that she had proposed to him to drive her to Perry, to sell the team there for what it would bring, and after borrowing all they could from Oliver's friends, to flee to the Mormon country. Oliver at once sold his team, and warned his friends against loaning his wife money. He then went to work out of town, and was gone about two weeks.

On his return his hired man met him at the gate and told him to examine a box under the bed up stairs. Oliver went up stairs, and, under a bed covered with clothing, he found a large box nailed and bound securely. He tore it open and found it filled with his silver ware, clothes, bed linen, and all the valuable things in the house, and addressed to Kempster, at Utah. The next day Oliver sent his wife to her mother's home in Wilson county.

A few days after the separation, Oliver was away from home and his house closed. On his return, one evening, he was surprised to find the doors open and the inside of the house upside down. Every valuable article was gone. Drawers, boxes, and cupboards were rifled of their contents, and no one around seemed to know the robbers.

Oliver suspected his wife, and at once started for Wilson county. On his way he stopped at his wife's brother's, a Mr. Sharpe. He asked for his wife, and was told that she was at her mother's, a mile beyond.

Oliver—I am in search of her.

Sharpe—So is her "other" one.

Oliver—What do you mean by that?

Sharpe—Her other husband.

Oliver—Am I not her first husband?

Sharpe—You are not her first one, nor her second one, nor her third one, and there is still one more between you and her.

Oliver finished his journey and secured his goods. His wife told him the names of her former husbands for references as to character, etc:

Her maiden name was Ellen Sharpe.
Husband No. 1 was Mr. Buckley.
Husband No. 2 was Mr. Spilter.
Husband No. 3 was Mr. McCune.
Husband No. 4 was Mr. Bloomfield.
Husband No. 5 was Mr. Oliver.
Husband No. 6 will probably be Mr. Kempster.

Oliver has returned home. Meanwhile Mrs. "What's her name?" is preparing for a trip to her last conquest's arms, Mr. Kempster.

Bridal Couples on the White Mountains.

White Mountain Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.

The mountains seem particular favorites with bridal couples. About twenty of these are now registered at the Profile. It is easy to recognize them, for they reveal for each other that peculiarly, sentimental and tender affection which—more's the pity—the second year of marriage usually dispels.

Men generally make the acquaintance of Hymen in some form or other very early in life; but to woman he is a real god, and whatever divinity he lacks they yield to him through the power of their idealization. They would always believe him divine, no doubt, if their husbands were not so resolved on extinguishing his torch, tripping up his shining heels and rolling him in the mire of their very common humanity.

It is said that one among the numerous ways of determining a newly wedded pair is to observe the peculiar interest with which the man, and often the woman, contemplate the autograph, "Peter Simpson and Wife," written with such a grand air on the register of the hotel.

I have often noticed this myself.

Only a few hours ago I saw a young man looking over the register; with his eyes riveted on an entry of this sort, as if it was a basilisk. After full five minutes of gazing, he walked out on the piazza, but he soon returned to the fascinating book of signatures, and poured over it once more, with all his soul in his glances.

Once more he tore himself from the magnetic page, and tried to place distance between him and it; but it drew him back with a power he could not resist. "Peter Simpson and Wife," to Peter Simpson's love-inspired vision, were the most eloquent and wonderful words that pen had ever written. The clerk soon needed the register, and poor Peter was obliged to retreat from the absorbing reading of his own name.

In less than ten minutes, however, he was hovering about the office, the new Mrs. Simpson at his side, and they both alighted like a pair of cooing doves, upon that sprawling page. Bending over it, they both blushed deep as damask roses; laughed nervously; took each other's hands, and glided off, radiant with connubial joy.

Some persons may be disposed to jeer at this gussing state of adolescence; but I like to see it.

Love is such a frail plant; flourishes only in such a nicely adjusted temperature, and requires such delicate nurture, that I invariably accept its faintest aroma with something of the delight which springs from novelty and non-expectation.

The Chief of the Syndicate.

"How did you obtain the word syndicate, Mr. Cooke?" said I to our great loan-taker, last Saturday, as he sat in his dimly day-lighted back office with his Secretary, an old school-mate of mine, writing industriously near his elbow.

"A syndicate," (pronouncing it cat,) said Mr. Cooke, "is a term used, I believe, to represent a powerful association of wealth, money or their appositos, and it seems to be a proper word, as it was suggested to us, and has the authority of former usage on important occasions. It is 'cool' on a greater scale.

While we were speaking, persons came in the office—clerks, I suppose—announcing Mr. Secondeo, Cassiier of the Danville, the Bloomsberg, the Lehigh, and this and that bank, all stated to have interlocutions upon the fifty millions of the 5 per cent. loan subscribed to the United States. Meantime, [illegible] High McCulloch, the London end of the Jay Cooke establishment, appears to have acted with extraordinary promptitude as a banker of standing; for the eight millions he was entrusted with, according to a telegram received while I was in Mr. Cook's office, was all gobbled up by Europeans in a single day. Perhaps it was the strengthening credit of the United States that did the work, accelerated by our recent peaceful intentions, disposition to "tackle" and reform grievances, and make wise treaties in the face of our prejudices.

The word "syndicate," whatever its origin, has passed into the street, and the boys have taken it up as an amusing term of Quixotic sonorousness and mirth. Mr. Evans, the State agent, and his ring of spoil-sharers, are said to have formed a "syndicate;" "syndicates" arrange to go up and whip a man, to take a drink, etc.

Mr. Cook further explained that it was in a certain sense, a "syndicate," which had taken ten millions of Northern Pacific Railway bonds, and he promised to show me the list of subscribers, men capable, he said, of building the whole road out of their private resources.

He said a very good thing relative to this railway, viz: that money subsidies from the government to construct railways were received upon false business principles, that they led to extravagance in building the road, to systems of deadheading and dependency, and that ultimately the road had to be paid for any way, by the maturity of its subsidy bonds. He explained that the Union Pacific Railway was built when flour was fourteen dollars a barrel and iron twenty odd dollars per ton, prices 300 per cent. in advance of those contracted for by the Northern Pacific Railway.—He alleged that the road would be built from Duluth to the Missouri River for less than $30,000 a mile, and that the iron had long ago been shipped for the Columbia River end, and work quietly begun there. The Canadian Government had given assurance of its cordial co-operations. Pennsylvania State industry would receive $25,000,000 for iron and supplies to this road. He said, further:

"We are not the proprietors but only the financial agents of this road, but we want to give anything we take hold of a good beginning, and we raised the sum of ten millions in advance for the company. We have been the agents to sell the first mortgage bonds of more than twenty railroads, and there is not one of those bonds that is not at a premium today. We feel the same confidence in recommending these.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Population of Great Britain

We may state, says the London *Economist*, very briefly the principal facts of the census. The first point of all is, of course, the actual increase of population. Including an estimate for the army, navy, and merchant services, and reckoning the population of islands in British seas, the total number counted on the 3d of April last, was 31,817,108. For registration purposes it is usual to estimate the population at the middle of the census year, and this figure gives 31,883,564 as the total population in 1871. As the population in 1861 was 29,358,927, the increase is 2,524,637, or 8.60 per cent.—the population of 1861 having increased over that of 1861 by 1,593,893, or 5.70 per cent. The increase in the decade 1861-71 has therefore been greater, both absolutely and relatively, than in the decade of 1851-61. We subjoin these figures in a tabular form:

POPULATION.

Middle of Years.	Persons.
1851	27,764,044
1861	29,358,927
1871	31,883,564

DECENNIAL INCREASE.

	Persons.	Per Cent.
1851-61	1,594,883	5.74
1861-71	2,524,637	8.60

Striking as these facts are they are rendered still more so when we consider that the increase is principally in one out of three constituent parts of the United Kingdom. To take the population actually enumerated—that is, excluding the islands in the British seas, and the army, navy and merchant services, also making no estimate for the middle of the year—we get the following comparison:

	—Population.— 1860.	1871.	—Increase— Am't.	Per Ct.
England and Wales	20,066,224	22,704,108	2,637,884	13
Scotland	3,062,294	3,358,613	296,319	10
Ireland	5,798,978	5,402,759	396,208	7
Total	28,927,485	31,465,480	2,537,995	8.8

But for the exceptional condition of Ireland, therefore, the United Kingdom would appear much more progressive than it does. No doubt a large part of the diminution of the Irish population has gone to increase that of England and Scotland, but still it is only a part which has done so. The progressive part of the United Kingdom grows at the rate of about thirteen per cent. in ten years, and if the relative weight of Ireland continues to diminish, other circumstances being the same, the growth of population all over the kingdom will be larger in the next census than it is now. While the increase of England was thirteen per cent. in 1861-71, it was only twelve per cent. in 1851-61, so that the growth of the last decade has been most remarkable.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

An Episcopal church was consecrated at Salt Lake on Sunday.

New and rich silver discoveries from all quarters continue to be reported at Salt Lake.

Southern Illinois is suffering seriously from drouth. The wells and cisterns are

Farm and House.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Jones is a farmer neat and trim
As you would wish to see,
And everybody envies him
And says "He is lucky."
Jones is a reading, working man—
Practices what he's read;
He keeps accounts and makes a plan
Of what's to do, 'tis said,

Smith oft complains his lot is drear
"A toiling slave to be;"
He plants and sows and reaps in fear
Of evils constantly.
He never reads—some doubts he can—
He wouldn't if he could;
He'd rather be a "one-horse man."
"Book larnin' aint no good."

Jones has a noble pile of wood
Prepared for ready use,
Smith might and would have just as good
If he wasn't quite so loose.
Jones thinks that it will never pay
To burn unseasoned fuel;
Or substitute poor straw for hay,
A practice he calls cruel.

Smith, in his wretched shiftlessness,
Don't see the point so plain,
But does 'just as his fathers did,"
Without much hope of gain.
Jones believes in true progression—
A moving on each day;
His motto is "Learn all you can;"
Smith's is "The good old way."

Jones is a kind, obliging man,
An excellent neighbor;
His stock is not allowed to run
At large; no, sir, never!
Smith lets his range just all he dare,
Just all he is allowed;
And will accommodate you where
His interests won't crowd!

Jones dreads the very name of law,
And shuns its open portal;
Smith "pitches in" at the least flaw,
And sues a fellow mortal.
Jones thinks it is unwise and gathers
New troubles to the breast;
Smith often loses "goose and feathers,"
But rarely finds the "nest."

Jones keeps the roadside clear and neat;
About his buildings too
He sets out trees, and on the street,
And thinks it PAYS—don't you?
Smith, "He's no time for chicken fixens—
So very busy every day;
Business drivin' like the dickens—
Don't believe in sich boy's play."

Jones sells in season, at fair price,
Whate'er he has to spare;
Smith holds on to his for rise,
And he gits the fall—that's fair!
He goes to market very often
"Few git the run of trade;"
Jones looks in the papers, then,
And thinks a saving's made.

—*Ohio Farmer.*

Questions and Answers.

TROUT PONDS.

J. P. McCarthy, of Edredville, writes: "Could you or some of your numerous readers of the Blade inform me how to construct a trout pond on a small and cheap scale. I have never seen one. Nor do I see anything in print that will give me the needful instructions how to build one. Some say I must have three ponds or dams. Will they do with less? And how best to construct them? Any one giving information will oblige the oldest subscriber in this vicinity."—Will some of our readers who have trout ponds of their own give their methods of construction. The nature of the land and the expense in different localities should be mentioned.

LEATHER CEMENT.

W. G. G., Deerfield, Ohio, writes as follows: "As you ask your readers to send questions and answers for general information I submit the following in answer to "Reader," of Rockport, who asks for a recipe for making good leather cement." I copy from "Chase's recipes." Take ale 1 pint, best Russia isinglass 2 ounces; put them into a common glue kettle and boil until the isinglass is dissolved; then add 4 ounces of best common glue and dissolve with the other; then add slowly 1½ ounces of boiled linseed oil, stirring all the time and until well mixed. When cold it will resemble India rubber. When you wish to use dissolve a suitable quantity in ale to the consistence of thick glue. For leather apply while hot and put under a weight to keep the joint firm for six or eight hours. Water proof."

RELATIVE VALUE OF MANURES.

E. Q. Harvey, of Hiram, Maine, writes: "As you have established a column of 'Questions and Answers' for the benefit of farmers, I will ask what is the difference in value, if any, of manure made from a ton of good hay, fed to young neat stock or fed to young horses or colts, no grain fed in either case? If it will help your feelings any, understand me to say the Blade is the most interesting paper of several that I read."—

FOUNDERED HORSE—TREATMENT.

N. J. Baughman, of Chicago Mills, sends the following answer to Michael Welch, who asked how to treat a foundered horse:

"On discovery of the disease take from the neck 4 quarts of blood, give two quarts of the blood, while yet warm, to the horse, as a drink, then stand the horse in water up to his knees for a few hours, with a warm blanket, when taken out of the water oil his hoofs with fish oil, and drench with the following: two quarts spirits of turpentine, one ounce oil sassafras, one ounce alum powdered, warm water one pint, give alum powdered a table-spoonful every day for a week in feed. I have used this remedy five years with success."

EXTRAORDINARY GRAPE VINE.

Samuel T. Brown, New Madison, Darke county, Ohio, submits the following: "On the farm of Jacob Miller, near Palestine, Darke co., there is an Isabella grape vine, or three branches from one root, having 1550 bunches of grapes thereon; this by actual count. Question: Who can beat it?"

OIL CLOTH FOR FLOORS.

M. B. J., Milo Centre, writes: "Noticing an inquiry in the Blade of the 24th in regard to oil cloth for floors I will send our method of preparing it:

Procure some yard wide factory, (or any desirable width,) lay it on a floor, or better still, in the sun on some boards, tacking the corners to keep it in place, then with a brush apply a good coating of paste, made of flour and water cooked but not boiled. After drying thoroughly paint any color desired, (yellow is best,) applying two coats."

ICE HOUSES AGAIN.

J. Thather, Alcony, Ohio, writes: "Please inform me through your good paper, in correspondent's column, of the best manner of constructing an ice house, and you will very much oblige."

TO PICKLE BLACKBERRIES.

M. B. B., Napoli, N. Y., writes: "W. J. Thorn, Juno, Tennessee, asks how to make blackberry jam; also, how to make blackberry cordial or wine. Hoping some one will answer the above questions, I send my method of pickling blackberries, which all my lady friends will like, I think. To pickle blackberries, take six pounds of berries, one pound and a half of sugar, one quart of good vinegar, and one ounce of cloves. Put all together in a porcelain kettle, and scald, but do not boil them; let them stand twenty-four hours, then pour off the vinegar only, and scald it, pouring it on the berries again; let them stand twenty-four hours more, then scald altogether and they are done."

TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.

In answer to the inquiry in the Blade of August 17th, Wm. Van Vechen, of Ada, N. Y. writes: "Rats can be successfully driven away by making a bell of a top thimble and put it on a live rat and let him go again in the haunted places. I have never known this to fail, for they will no, submit to be followed by the bell-rat, and will all leave except the one with the bell, that can be fed and made tame. To take a live rat and singe or smear with burnt sulphur will not always do, as the other rats may kill this one to make themselves free again."

TO MEND INDIA RUBBER SHOES.

W. B. E., Plymouth, Ill., writes: "Please inform your readers how to prepare and use a material for mending India rubber boots and shoes. One of my new gum boots is torn and therefore useless."

MOSS ROSE.

Angela G. Haw, Bonaparte P. O., Newburn Co., Iowa, asks: "Where can I get the Green Moss Rose?"

A GRAIN PUZZLE.

Mr. Williams, of Jefferson County, N. Y., sends us samples of what he calls a new grain. The appearance of the grains is made like that of the skinless barley which has been raised for years in Loraine county in this State. Mr. Williams states that the grains have puzzled the farmers in his region of country, and as submitted, without stalk, or head, they certainly are somewhat puzzling. We have submitted the sample to Jno. H. Klippart, author of "The Wheat Plant," and our correspondent may look for an interesting report in these columns.

For the Blade.

Clover.

This is the cheapest fertilizer, and as farms do not average more than one half the amount of grass, grain and roots that they would yield if brought up to the highest state of cultivation, we should continue to urge the importance of Clover. Farmers acknowledge the benefit of clover, but many can not, they say, spare the grass, and therefore never plow down their clover. If you cannot afford this, at least sow the seed in your wheat field for hay, and seed in your oats for manure for the coming crop of wheat. It pays all the time. Here is another and entirely new plan: When your corn has received its last working, sow clover seed in your corn field, and unless there be a hard drought, the clover will grow well. Keep stock out of field when corn is husked. The clover will be a protection and manure for ground in winter. Young clover will grow from 2 to 4 inches before oats is sown in the spring if the season is early, or 3 to 6 inches before time to plow it down for corn. It has been tried and works to a charm.

The Chinch Bug and Wheat.

The *Prairie Farmer* says: We consider the chances with winter wheat very much better than with spring wheat, where the chinch bugs have prevailed the present season.

The most common and most destructive insect enemy to the winter wheat is the notorious Hessian fly, and it is necessary to guard against this insect as much as possible, especially in those sections where it is known to exist. It has been found that these insects work most severely on early sown fall grain, and that wheat sown as late as the last of September, in a great measure escapes them, and wheat sown as late as this will get sufficient growth to stand the winter, provided the ground is in good condition. This is the rule which has been adopted in the wheat sections of New York. The time will have to be varied somewhat according to the latitude. A good rule will probably be, in those places which have been found subject to the depredations of the Hessian fly, to sow wheat as late as experience has shown that it can be safely sown in those localities. It is all important in situations to have the ground in fertile condition, first, so as to give the wheat a good start, in spite of late sowing, and secondly, to make the plants so vigorous that they will be able to withstand any slight damage that the insects may inflict.

Grasshopper Catching.

A Chicago man writes to the *American Artizan* as follows in relation to the theory and practice of catching grasshoppers: I have noticed in walking through a field, that when the insects are started they will jump straight away from what molests them. I will use this to catch them, and my apparatus is as follows: I mount a cylinder on two wheels, one on each end of an axle that extends lengthwise through the cylinder. This cylinder is about three feet from the ground, so that in passing over it will not scare the insects. At some little distance behind the cylinder I place a roting shaft with the axle in front, and also to support a tent or awning over the intermediate space. Behind is a pail or thills for a team or horse to propel the machine in front of the animals. Just in front of the cylinder is a box so situated that a revolving brush above it will sweep anything from the cylinder surface down into the box and keep it there. The machine is driven forward, and the grasshoppers are started off in a forward direction. They naturally, being kept from jumping laterally by the sides of the awning, light on the cylinder, and are carried over, and are swept by the brush into the box.

Great Bee Fight.

From the Jackson (Tenn.) *Whig and Tribune* of a late date, we gather the following interesting item of the resentment and courage of the honey bee. Capt. Brown, of this city, recently robbed three hives, and Dr. West, a neighbor, robbed four. The bees thus deprived of the fruits of their labor became furious; and uniting, making an army of seven hives, they invaded the premises of Mr. Horace Bledsoe, and made a fierce attack on five of his hives. Bledsoe's bees were taken by surprise, and although outnumbered, fought for their homes with desperation. The battle lasted several hours, and four of Bledsoe's hives were literally destroyed. The invaders were finally repulsed, after being almost annihilated. The ground for yards around was black with dead bees. Mr. Bledsoe, although a sections loser, buried the dead warriors with the honors of war. Few of the invaders survived the battle, and from out of five of the defending hives, four were destroyed. It was the bloodiest bee battle on record, and deserves to be handed down to posterity.

PLOW HARNESS.—The American Rural Home says: The Plow harness should be divested of every unnecessary appendage. A horse, like his master, does not work easily in hot weather if his clothing is cumbersome. A harness that is suited to a wagon is not fit for a plow. The plow harness should be simple, strong in parts where strength is needed, and cheap. The headstall is simply needed to keep the bit in place, and should be made of plain straps stitched in places to add strength. No blinds are needed. Good easy fitting collars are essential. Besides these, only the hame, tugs and reins are requisite. There is no use for belly-bands, saddles or cruppers. We prefer short tugs with chains. Rings in the hams will support the reins sufficiently. This is the style of harness used on the street-car horses of this city, and it is well adapted to the plow. If some manufacturer would put in market a plain harness of this description, made of good material, manufacture on a large scale, and sell at a reasonable profit, he might reap a fortune.

MARKING FOWLS.—The best plan is to sew a piece of list round the leg. If it is a feathered hen, then sew the list so that it shall hold without being tight enough to destroy the feathers. This will be accomplished if the upper edge of cloth be put beneath a stout feather, and the lower sewn a little more tightly than the top. The material is so soft and pliable that it does not injure the feather; if it be a good broad strip it will do no injury. It need not be tight. It will not slip over the foot; it cannot pass over the body. The advantage of this system is, that if five or six broods run together, they may always be distinguished by the color of the worsted round their legs.

NEW SORREL THEORY.—In a communication to the Germantown *Telegraph*, Mr. Josiah Clark, of Manchester, N. H., says: Sorrel is not, as is generally supposed, the result of sour soil, but the reverse. Observing years ago that sorrel was more abundant on sweet than sour soil, I hauled apple pomace on a piece where nothing but sorrel grew, and harrowed it and put grass seed in. The result was, sorrel disappeared and grass came in its stead. Anything that tends to sour, with fertile matter added, will work a cure just as alkali rectifies the acidity in the stomach. The sour waste of breweries, coarse, wet, sour litter, vinegar or anything that is sour, worked into the surface of the soil will tend to eradicate sorrel.

TOBACCO IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Although the tobacco crop is generally good in the Bay State, this season, still in some sections the plants are badly diseased. A rot commences in the pith of the stalk, and then in the stem of the leaf, till the leaf falls to the ground. It produces an unpleasant stench. This rot is not caused by the use of rank manures, or from planting the tobacco on worn out lands, but has appeared on land that has never before been planted with this crop.

Wit and Humor.

For the Blade.

"THE BACHELOR AND THE MAID."

A Parody.

BY MRS. RITA T. PAYTON.

"Will you walk into this corner," said a bachelor to a maid,
"'Tis the warmest chimney corner in which you ever staid,
The way into this corner is twixt the stove and here,
And I have many things to say that you'll be glad to hear."
"Oh, no! no!" said the crusty maid, "I'm sure I cannot come,
For I must get the dishes washed and straighten up the room."

"I'm sure you must be weary working without aid,
Will you rest upon my trembling knees," said the bachelor to the maid;
"There are many patches on my pants, in fact they're most worn out,
But if you wish to rest awhile you can without a doubt."
"Oh, no! no!" said the crusty maid, "for I've often heard it said
That you hate the sight of women and will never, never wed."

Said the shy old bachelor to the maid, "dear fr end, what shall I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you,
I have within my bosom much love for woman kind,
And if you cannot see it I'm sure you must be blind!"
"Oh, no! no!" said the crusty maid, "I'm sure that can't be true,
For I've heard you hate the women and I'm much afraid you do."

"Dear maiden," said the bachelor, "you're witty and you're wise,
How handsome is your slender form, how lovely are your eyes,
I have a little looking-glass upon the mantle shelf,
If you'll step here one moment, dear, you may behold yourself."
I thank you, my good sir," said she, "for what you're pleased to say,
And when I get the dishes washed I'll surely come that way."

The bachelor turned him round about and bade his heart grow bolder,
For well he knew the crusty maid would come as he had told her,
He placed his feet upon a rug that in the corner laid,
And sat in silence waiting to catch the crusty maid.
Then he turned around to her once more and timidly did say,
"Come hither pretty maid, Oh come without delay;
Your robes are not extravagant, there's no ball upon your head,
I hate the horrid calgnons and will until I'm dead."

Oh then, oh then how very soon the crusty, cross old maid,
Hearing the bachelor's flattering words came feeling not afraid,
With smiling face she made a start and nearer, nearer drew,
Thinking only of her lovely eyes and robes of modest hue,
Thinking only of her plain dressed head—poor silly thing—at last
Up jumped the shy old bachelor and tightly held her fast.

He pulled her down upon his knees and while his voice grew hoarse,
He asked her if she'd be his wife, she answered, "yes, of course."
And now my maiden friends, who may this story read,
That bachelors hate the women, I pray you ne'er give heed
Unto such idle gossiping; close heart, and eye, and head,
And, take up courage from the tale of the "Bachelor and the Maid."

Matrimony Under Difficulties.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

Some time ago there was a wedding in a town in New England, or, rather, in two towns. The bride's father lived at the top of a high hill, and it took a great deal of horse power to carry the dozens of invited relatives, friends and enemies to the scene of the hymenial execution. But the difficulty was met by the assemblage of all the one-horse, two horse and four-horse teams in the neighborhood, and it was currently reported that some of the spectators, arrayed in their store-clothes, were furnished with ox-carts and patient oxen, that were in no danger of running away. And another difficulty arose when the preliminaries were arranged for the wedding. The line of division between the two towns ran through the house where the ceremony was to take place, and not only through the house, but through its parlor. As the bride did not want to face against the grain of the flooring while she was being swung off, there arose the possibility of having the couple in Jonesboro', and the clergyman in Brownstown, while the fatal words were being pronounced. This little dilemma was met by stationing the parson in a recess made for a bay window, and bringing the victims as far to the front as possible. The three important personages were thus in one town, while the spectators were mostly in another. As soon as the services were over, the bride and bridegroom were faced about exactly on the line, and there was a vigorous amount of kissing from one township to another. And a few minutes after being united in Jonesboro', the happy couple sat down to a comfortable dinner in Brownstown, where the dining room was situated.

There is a part of the world (in Central Asia,) where marriages are made on horseback. A day is set when the young men who are in want of wives assemble, and the young lady who is to be disposed of is there with a good horse. She has her preferences, as young ladies do in other parts of the world, and gives a signal to the youth that she wishes to capture, so that he may know how to ride in order to distance his competitors. She is better mounted than any of her pursuers, and can generally manage things so that she can be picked up by the youth she has selected. But if a fellow that she considers a flat is likely to overtake her, she digs the spurs into her horse and leaves the entire crowd. The race is then declared "off," and another day is set for the trial of speed. Sometimes when her papa wants to get rid of the girl at all hazards, he puts her on a horse that couldn't outrun a turtle, and thus makes it certain that somebody will capture her.

There is another part of the world where a young man must take his bride from a house full of old women who are armed with whips, and have their finger nails specially sharpened for the occasion. They surround the bride and fight the individual who wants to take her away. He may push them aside, but he must not introduce the practice of the prize ring and allow their faces to come in contact with his fists. Frequently he emerges from the fray with his clothes pretty well torn from his body, while his face and whole skin have so many marks of whips and finger nails as to resemble a piece of calico of a fancy pattern. For the sake of the timid youth of the United States it is to be hoped that this marriage ceremony will not become fashionable here.

A friend of mine, who once lived in Iowa, used to tell a story of a wedding that he witnessed, where the ceremony was performed on the same couple three times in one night. He was wandering through northern Iowa, and southern Minnesota, on a search for timber lands and was accompanied by a back-woods adventurer named Preston. Near the line between Iowa and Minnesota, they stopped a few weeks at the house of a settler named Jenkins. The latter had a buxom daughter, and was well off for a backwoodsman, and the situation appeared decidedly favorable to Preston—So he courted the daughter, and was polite to the parents; the result was that a wedding was arranged and all the neighbors for ten miles around were invited.

Jenkins was a liberal provider, and weddings were not frequent in his family. He laid in half a barrel of whiskey and his wife and daughter cooked enough for a small army, so that nobody should go away hungry. There was a preacher in the neighborhood, who had arrived there recently, and he was invited to unite the pair. He tied the knot, and was rewarded by Preston, who made a mess of the affair by dropping a couple of silver dollars into the punch-bowl while trying to hand them to the parson. The bride's arm was called into requisition to lift out the cash, which she did with all the skill of a native of Long Island fishing for "Blue Points" with a pair of oyster tongs.

For the invited guests, the serious business of the evening began with the supper that followed the wedding ceremony. Preston took his full share of punch and straight whiskey before retiring to the bridal chamber, which was reached by a ladder through the floor of the garret. Mrs. Preston had been taken there by the bridesmaids half an hour earlier, and when the couple had disappeared there was a fresh sssault upon the whiskey.

It leaked out in the course of the evening, that the parson was not an ordained preacher, but only one of those ministerial fledgelings who have been "licensed to exhort." When old Jenkins heard the rumor, he went for the exhorter, and extracted from him the horrible fact that he was not really authorized to unite couples in holy matrimony, but he had officiated on that occasion because he thought it was all right, and nobody would know the difference. Jenkins flew around like a boy with a bumble bee in his coat sleeve; he kicked the unhappy exhorter out of doors, and went up the ladder like a monkey climbing a window blind.

"Here you, get up, GET UP!" he shouted; "you ain't married at all. Get up this minute. Get up and come down quick."

The voice of Preston was heard to drawl out that he wouldn't get up, and that if his respected father-in-law did not clear out and mind his business he would get his nose busted.

Jenkins explained the situation, and the couple arose. In a few minutes they came down the ladder looking very sheepish, and the bride blushing like a red wagon. There was a Justice of the Peace in the party, and he performed the ceremony, which, unfortunately for Preston, took his only remaining silver dollar. There were more drinks, and then the couple again ascended the ladder to their bridal apartments. Preston muttered, as he climbed the ladder, that if he ever found that parson he would hurt his face so that his friends could not identify him without a magnifying glass.

Of course the party down stairs, who were making a night of it, talked over the peculiarities of the wedding, and talk developed the fact that the justice of the peace lived in Iowa, while the house of Jenkins was in Minnesota. Jenkins was informed of the situation, and away he went once more for the ladder. He was louder in his tones than before, and his first words met a prompt answer from Preston.

"Now look here, old man," said Preston, as he bounded out of bed, "there has been fooling enough around this yere ladder to-night, and if you don't *git* I'll bust yer head."

He picked up a cow hide boot, as he spoke, and advanced menacingly. A shrill voice from the bed urged him not to hurt "pa."

"Don't shoot, don't" said Jenkins as he retreated down the ladder, till his head was level with the garret floor. There he paused and explained the new state of affairs to the enraged bridegroom, who stood over him with the boot uplifted, and ready for a blow.

Preston accepted the explanation, and the result was that the couple rose and dressed and descended the ladder. Then, with Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, and all of the guests who were sober enough to stagg, they walked half a mile down the road to the Iowa line, and entered the Badger State. There the justice again united them. "And this time," said he, as he concluded the ceremony, "you are married, sartin, sure."

The Deacon's Bishop.

A good many years ago, when the Methodists were rather unpopular in the Eastern States, a witty divine of that denomination was serving his second year in a country town in New England. It was rather remarkable in those days for the Conference to send the same minister two successive years to the same church, especially in a country town; but it was done in this instance, and it seemed to be entirely satisfactory to all concerned. The clergyman enjoyed the confidence and love of his own church and parish, and he had, by his piety and fidelity to the cause of Christ, won the respect of all good people who knew him, outside of his own parish. So the other two churches, Congregationalist and Baptist, had begun to manifest a spirit of tolerance towards him and his church, quite unusual for them.

About thanksgiving time a regular attendant of the Baptist church died; the Baptist minister was sick, and the Congregationalist minister was out of town. Under these circumstances it was decided to invite the Methodist minister to conduct the funeral exercises. The invitation was accepted, and at the proper time the good clergyman started for the house of mourning. He had some four miles to travel on foot, and to save distance left the road and went across the fields and through the woods. Near this byway where he was traveling there lived an old lady, a member of his church. As he was so near he thought he would call a moment. The old lady did not get out to church very often, it was so far from her home, and she was lame, too; she was, therefore, of course, overjoyed to see her minister, and what he said intended should be a momentary call was prolonged into quite a visit, in spite of all the efforts to get away.

The old lady was making sausages when he called. At last he told her he must go, but she said he must wait a minute while she put up a mess of sausages for him to carry home with him—enough for his family's dinner. He tried to explain to her the impropriety of the plan under the circumstances, but she was inexorable; take the sausages he must, and she could fix them so they would be no inconvenience to him, and the matter need not come to the knowledge of any one else.

The sausages were neatly done up in white cloth and snugly pinned—two parcels—and put into the pockets of his swallow-tailed coat behind, a parcel in each pocket. Then he hurried away. Innocent, kind-hearted old lady! she did not imagine what grief, shame, mortification and sorrow of heart this little act would cause her pastor; and he, in his hurry to make up lost time, little dreamed what awaited him in consequence of the old lady's gift.

When he arrived at the house of the deceased, he found a large company waiting. The neighboring farmers from far and near had assembled to pay their tribute of respect and esteem for the dead; some had come with carriages, and their horses were hitched to surrounding trees, fences and posts. They had allowed their dogs to follow them.—There was a large gathering of men and boys about the dooryard, waiting for the minister, who was late; the women had mostly gone inside, and the dogs were exchanging civilities, or incivilities, in true dog style, as they happened to take a liking or disliking to each other—trotting about with their tails rolled up in rigid coils, scratching the ground aside at times, causing the dust and dead grasses to fly, and casting approving glances, or uttering low growls of warning, according as they felt towards each other.

When the minister arrived he was recognized, shook hands with such as he was acquainted with, and was introduced to others. He had hurried to get there in time, got heated up, and warmed up the sausages in his pockets. They were very savory, and were emitting a fragrance that soon came in contact with the olfactory nerves of the hungry dogs. The latter left off their attentions to each other and began to snuff for the source of the pleasant odor, which they highly appreciated, and they soon traced it to the minister. They clustered about him in a very friendly manner, but no notice was taken of them, and when he went into the house, they went too.

A prayer was offered at the residence, during which the dogs smelled out the whereabouts of the savory meats exactly, and in the doing of this they greatly annoyed the minister, and caused his cheeks to burn and his heart to ache. After the prayer, the corps was carried to the church, which was near by, and thither the whole company followed, where the services were to be protracted. The dogs went too, and soon after the minister took his place in the pulpit they began to skirmish round his coat pockets. If it had been anywhere except in a church, or on any occasion but a funeral, the dogs would have been cudgeled and sent howling away; but as it was, no one wished to disturb the quiet sanctity of the place by the yelping of dogs. They seemed to comprehend the situation and made the most of it. They went up into the pulpit—a single one at a time—two and three at a time. Sometimes two companies would meet coming from opposite sides of the pulpit, but all centering behind the minister, whose only means of defense was in kicking out behind at them, by guess; but the dogs were wary, good at dodging; and none got hit.

Thus the service went on. The mental anguish of the good minister cannot be described; but there was no alternative—he must proceed as best he could. At last to his *great relief*, he was about to close his part of the service by pronouncing the benediction—had already closed his eyes and raised his hands for this purpose—when a worthy deacon of the Baptist Church wished to have the minister read a notice. The deacon was a man of rather diminutive size, and walked as lightly as a cat. He had approached the pulpit with the notice in his hand, unperceived by the minister, and was on the stairs within reach, when the minister raised his hands. The deacon, to attract his attention, pulled his coat tail. Of course the minister thought it was a dog, and that it was necessary for him to kick once more, which he did. The deacon, not on the lookout like the dogs, received the minister's foot in his side and tumbled headlong down the stairs.

There was a scream, and a rush of the deacon's family, a general uprising of the whole congregation, and exit dogs. In the midst of this confusion, the minister waved his hand to restore order. After the people were seated and quiet again reigned, he told the people the story of the sausages in all its particulars, which seemed a satisfactory explanation, and the funeral proceeded; but that minister was never known to carry sausages in his coat pocket again.

The Coming Fashions.

[From Le Folet.]

We see many indications of the polonaises and casaques coming into great favor, especially for rich materials. The polonaise tunic is much worn for light materials; if made of white muslin, it can accompany any toilet. The front is cut all in one, the black breadths plaited to the waist, and bunched up. The tight fitting casaque, on the contrary, has the body and skirt cut together everywhere, like a prolonged basque. This is very becoming to good figures, and will be much worn this autumn and winter. Charming little cloaks and fichus are worn for out or in-doors. The most elegant robes de chambre are of white muslin. They are long and flowing, either plaited into a square shoulder-piece, or have a Watteau plait; some are made demi-ajuste, or like a very long casaque. Those made in white muslin are very often accompanied by a colored batiste or Scotch muslin under-skirt; underbodice also of color. The most dressy trimming is muslin and lace insertions, over color, edged with lace. There is not the least necessity for any of the colored part being silk; batiste answers the same purpose, and is more suitable. The robes de chambre in thicker materials, such as alpaca or foulard, are open from the waist, showing a handsomely flounced and embroidered petticoat. A little lace coiffure, with colored ribbon, invariably accompanies these dresses. For seaside toilets nothing will be so much worn a grays and all shades of ecru. A polonaise casaque of Tussore silk will be found a most useful addition to a lady's toilet, as it admits of almost any underskirt. The same may be said of white muslin for warmer days, or black silk for colder. A number of bias folds overlapping one another, and ended by a ruche, will be a very fashionable way of trimming seaside and country dresses. The skirts are much plainer in style, the rich ornamentation being preserved for the tunics and bodices. All these are made with basques or tunics of some kind, and the bodices open or trimmed to appear so. Sometimes the basque is made loose from the bodice and attached under a waistband. The crinolines are still quite small, but the tournures have lost none of their size. Many costumes are made with a plain skirt, trimmed with bias, piped with a shade darker. Polonaise tunic, trimmed to correspond. A row of buttons of the darker shade down the sides of the apron, as if the fuller part, which is plaited to them, were fastened by the buttons. A plastron in the form of a waistcoat is attached to the body, the joins being hidden by a bias, so as to have the appearance of a jacket and waistcoat. When the costume is of striped material, everything of a darker shade in the above description is made of the same color as the stripes. For dress toilets, the manteau de cour is still the ne plus ultra of elegance. Some are made with the bodice and skirt in one, and called the "princesse manteau de cour;" they are always open over an underskirt. Hats are universally worn by young married ladies and girls, either in town or country. They are now much less eccentric in style and trimming than the fashionable bonnets. Braiding and embroidery enriched with beads are very fashionable. Black cachemire jackets, profusely embroidered or braided with gold, are in great favor, and seem likely to continue so. In trimming with lace insertions, the under material is cut away. This fashion adds considerably to the expense and labor, but has a very elegant effect.

A Saratoga correspondent thus marshals his pedigree: My mother was a Perkins—a cold proud woman, entirely devoted to the world and its fashions. She was poor. My father was a haughty, overbearing man. He was poor, also. Thirty-six summers ago they met at Saratoga—at the Union Hotel. William Leland introduced them. He told Miss Perkins that my father was worth untold millions. Then he told my father that Miss Perkins was worth twelve blocks on Bleeker street. My father's cold heart melted. William Leland has introduced eight hundred unhappy people in the same manner since. The Lelands do not believe in punishment after death. I was the only fruit of the ill-assorted union. I inherited my mother's and father's estates. I am as proud as they, and I boast of my property.

"HAVE SOME RESPECT FOR THE BULL!"—A genuine down easter was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceedingly tough beef at dinner in a Wisconsin hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork attracted the smiles of the rest in the same predicament with himself. At last Jonathan's patience vanished under ill success, when, laying down his utensils, he burst out with:

"Strangers, you needn't laugh; if you hain't got any regard for the landlord's feelings, you ought to have some respect for the old bull."

This sally brought down the house.

The official returns from the State of Kentucky give Gov. Lester's majority at 36,976. The Democratic candidate for Auditor received a majority of 40,146.

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To Correspondents

GEORGE W. DAVIDSON, Tullahoma, Tennessee writes: "Will you oblige one of your subscribers so far as to explain in your 'Answers to Correspondents' the meaning of the centre picture, immediately under the word 'Weekly,' in the head of your paper. Does it represent the millennial reign when

'To ploughshares men will beat their swords,
And to pruning hooks their spears.'

Or is the stout lusty looking fellow in the centre, with his brawny arms bared and waving leather in his cap, and his two assistants engaged in hammering off the keen, elastic, double-edged weapons of truth and reason, with which to make an aggressive warfare upon error, ignorance, and oppression, the legitimate offsprings of modern democracy." The scene pictured represents the forging of the Toledo blade, or sword so famous for many centuries. Toledo is the capital of a province in Spain, and since the time of the Moors, has been famous for its swords.

HAMPSHIRE, Massachusetts, asks: "1. How is Vallandigham pronounced? Some accent the second syllable and some the third. 2. What is the origin and meaning of S. F. V's. I conclude by reading that it is applied to a class of people in the South? 3. Which is the correct way of addressing a firm; to say Brown, Smith & Co., or Messrs. Brown, Smith & Co.?—1 Vallandigham is accented on the second syllable. People in Ohio in the political campaign some years ago accented the third syllable in ridicule. The name is Val*lan*digham. 2. "F. F. V." (First Families of Virginia) a term applied to the aristocracy of Virginia who ridiculed the idea that a working man could arrive at distinction. 3. Write, Messrs. Brown, Smith & Co.

DR. WHISTLEWIND, Westminster, North Carolina, asks: Who said "All is not gold that glitters?" The sentence occurs in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," act ii, scene 7.

W. H. MORRIL, Rimersburg, Clarion Co, Pennsylvania, asks: "Who is the proper person to apply to for a copy right for painting business directories, what will it cost, and will I have to paint one and send before they will grant me the right"—Copy rights comprehend books, maps, charts, prints, musical compositions, cuts and engravings. The copy right is on anything that can be easily duplicated. We don't understand what you mean by "painting" directories. You can secure a copy right to prevent others from printing copies like it, but this will not prevent somebody else from *painting* directories. You could copy right an engraving of your work, so as to prevent others from executing, &c. You will proceed as in securing the copy right of a book—directions given to a Lima correspondent in this issue. The fees amount to $6.00. A printed copy of the title of your work should be filed with the Clerk of the District in which you reside. Copy right refers to publication and if the directory is something that you produce by hand, and which you do not propose to put out as a map or chart, the law will hardly apply to your case. We, however, may not understand the case. Full directions are given below and if your work comes under any of the heads enumerated you can secure your copy right, without delay. If your work comes under the head of design (any new and original impression, ornament, pattern, print, or picture, to be printed, painted, cast or otherwise placed on or worked into any article of manufacture) you can secure a patent for the term of 3½ years 7 years, or 14 years as you may elect.—A drawing or photo raph should be filed with application. The fees will be $10 for 3½ years; $15 for 7 years and $30 for 14 years. In regard to caveats, &c., the law in regard to other patents applies to design patents.

R. A. KINGSBURY, Bradford, Maine, writes: "A short time ago I noticed an article in the BLADE respecting the redemption of United States currency by the Department. I can't see the justice of making a discount when a small piece of the scrip is gone. They will not redeem less than one half of the original scrip, yet they will discount it 1-20th is gone. If I send them ½ of a 50c scrip I get but 37½c for it. If I send ¼ of a 50c scrip I get nothing. Now if they will not redeem ½ of a scrip, why not pay the face of a scrip if ½ of it has got destroyed? If you will explain this matter to me in your "To Correspondents," you will oblige a subscriber and reader of the BLADE"—The object of the rule is to preserve the currency. If the one-fourth of a note was redeemable, people would tear the notes with impunity and there would certainly be a confusion of ragged fragments. As it is, if you present the note complete it is worth its face. If you do not, a deduction is made. No explanation is necessary. In the face of a ruling such as this, we must look out, each for his own interests, and not take fragments of currency.

FRANK PATRICK, Osborn, Mo.—We know of no good work on the subject.

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "Has not any person a right to make any piece of machinery that has a patent on it, providing that he uses it exclusively for himself?"—No. If such was the case every man might make a machine for himself and the patent laws would be a dead letter.

M. D., Walnut City, Ind., asks: "How many books are now in use which are held to be inspired, or Divinely given, and what is each one called, and by what nations are they used? Whose teachings are the oldest, those of Zoroaster or Confucius?"—This question, like many others, is indefinite. Taking the question in one sense, we answer: The Old Testament by the Jews; the Protestant Bible, rejecting the Apocrypha, used by Protestants in all countries; the Roman Catholic Bible which includes the Apocrypha among inspired writings used by Roman Catholics the world over; the Koran, or Alcoran, written by Mahomet about 610, used by Mohammedans in Asia, Africa and Europe (you cannot talk of religion by nations); the Mormon Bible or "Book of Mormon" supposed to have been written about 1812, claimed by Smith to have been found in 1827, used by Mormons in different countries; the Avesta or Zendavesta, the Zoroastrian writings, formerly the basis of the national religion of Persia, now professed only by scanty communities of Parsees settled in Western India, and about Bombay, and by a few families in Yezd and Kerman.

Zoroaster lived about 1200 years before the Christian era. Confucius was born June 19, 551 B. C. The latter rejected Divine revelation and promulgated simply a system of moral philosophy.

W. S. PRICE, Waynesboro, Pa., writes: Please give the address of Michigan and of Cornell University in your correspondence column."—Michigan University is located at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and Cornell University at Ithaca, New York.

CORRESPONDENT, Warrenton, Mo., writes: "Will you please inform me if there is a book entitled, "Benton's Thirty Years in the Senate," and if there is where I can get it. And also where I can get Webster's complete works?"—Benton's "Thirty Years in the Senate" can be procured of almost any dealer in books. Also Webster's complete works. It is always a good plan to have books of this class ordered by some responsible dealer. He can inform you as to cost at the point where he is located, and can order them for you, or can get them for you at the published prices.

S. T. HAWLEY, Sherman, N. Y., writes:—Is it unlawful for a person to hang up a carpet in front of his own dwelling house for the purpose of shaking and cleaning the same. I had one hanging by a rope somewhat from two shade trees, measuring about four feet from outside of the fence in the highway. The consequence was a team passing by got frightened, ran away, overturned the wagon and broke a boy's arm, for which I am asked to pay damages or stand a suit at law. I have consulted several lawyers in regard to the matter and they are about equally divided in regard to my being held responsible for damages, &c.—As the lawyers disagree about the "law" of the case we refuse to testify. As a general rule, a man has no right to do any thing that interferes with the general good. You had no right to shake or hang the carpet in the street. Any one driven into the road carried out would make you responsible for the consequences.

CORRESPONDENT, Lima, Ohio.—Your inquiries in regard to the copyrighting of a picture were answered at length, as you have seen in the BLADE, as soon as the letter was received. In answering questions by letter, which can be answered in no other way, it frequently occurs that a letter of inquiry is received, which, if published in the BLADE, would be of very little interest to the general reader. Such letters are answered by letter, and not published in the BLADE. Many letters are received which are answered in the BLADE, and which are published in the BLADE, but which are not answered by letter. Many letters are received which are answered by letter, and which are published in the BLADE. Many letters are received which are answered by letter, and which are published in the BLADE. Many letters are received which are answered by letter, and which are published in the BLADE